

The American **L**EGION

M O N T H L Y

FEBRUARY 1932

25 CENTS

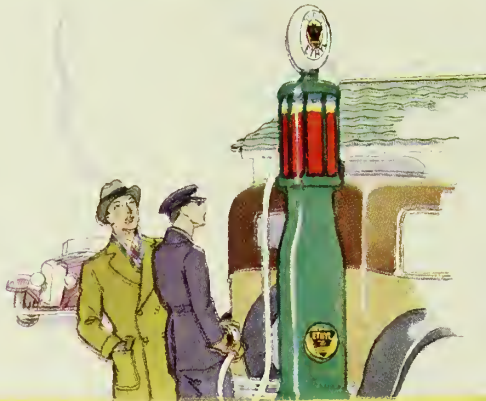


The game is yet in our
own hands; to play it well
is all we have to do.....
Nothing but harmony, hon-
esty, industry and frugality
are necessary to make us
a great and happy people.

G. Washington



Day Coach or Pullman ?



Gasoline... or Ethyl ?



Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932

JUST as there are two ways to travel by the same train, so there are two ways to travel in your automobile. You can get there with ordinary gasoline—or you can drive more easily and more comfortably with Ethyl Gasoline.

Buy **ETHYL GASOLINE**

ETHYL

makes the

DIFFERENCE

Ethyl was developed by automotive research to improve motor car performance. It controls the combustion of gasoline inside the cylinders of your engine, thus preventing harmful knock, overheating and power waste. It makes such a difference that almost every oil company now sells Ethyl Gasoline.



Ethyl Gasoline sends you up hills in high. It brings out the *full* power of your motor and does it smoothly and easily—with less noise, less heat, and less wear on the engine.



Car manufacturers are taking advantage of Ethyl by offering high compression engine heads as standard or optional equipment. These new and better motors require Ethyl.



In winter, Ethyl Gasoline gives any car quick-starting *plus* added power for snow, slush and heavy roads.



Like yourself, Ethyl changes coats to suit the season. The gasoline mixed with Ethyl fluid must pass rigid tests for quality *suited to the season* in which it will be used. Ethyl is the year-round motor fuel.



You are sure of value when you buy Ethyl Gasoline. Its quality is maintained on every count by constant inspection of samples picked up daily in all sections of the country. More car owners use Ethyl Gasoline than any other brand of motor fuel. They know from experience that it gives them better all-round performance and saves money in the long run. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City

Men who "know it all"

are not invited to

read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment.

It is a personal message to the man who realizes that business conditions have radically changed in the last few years, and that there is a whole new set of rules to be mastered. He feels that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business.

We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "What an Executive Should Know" and it will be sent without obligation.

It contains the Announcement of the Institute's new Course and Service for men who want to become independent in the next five years. Among the contributors to this new Course are:

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *President*, General Motors Corporation.

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *President*, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

HON. WILL H. HAYS, *President*, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, formerly U. S. Postmaster General.

BRUCE BARTON, *Chairman of the Board*, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., Advertising Agents.

DR. JULIUS KLEIN, *The Assistant Secretary*, U. S. Department of Commerce.

JOHN T. MADDEN, *Dean*, School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance, New York University.

HUBERT T. PARSON, *President*, F. W. Woolworth Company.

M. H. AYLESWORTH, *President*, National Broadcasting Company.

THOMAS J. WATSON, *President*, International Business Machines Corporation.

DEXTER S. KIMBALL, *Dean*, College of Engineering, Cornell University.

Can any ambitious man fail to get something of value from contact with minds like these? Here are a few examples, selected from many hundreds, showing how this organized knowledge is translated into added earning power:

CASE 1. Works Engineer, salary \$6,000; now Vice-President and General Manager, salary \$18,000.

CASE 2. Local Manager at \$5,200; now Regional Manager, salary \$15,000.

CASE 3. Production Manager, salary \$6,000; now President, salary \$21,600.

Send for this Booklet

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could double their incomes if they believed in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to back up their belief.

Why not investigate *now*? The booklet pictured at the left costs nothing and places you under no obligation.

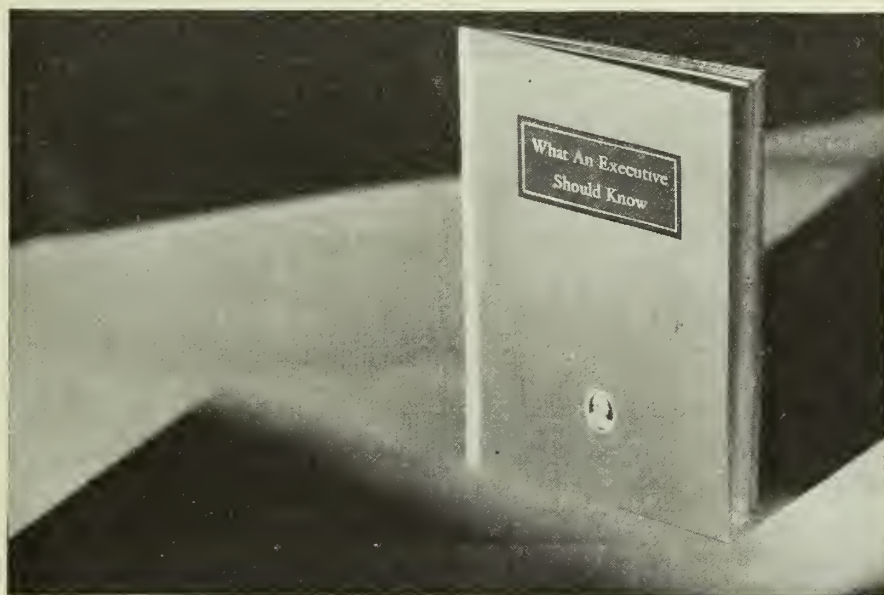
To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 600 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME.....

BUSINESS ADDRESS.....

BUSINESS POSITION.....



For the Man who wants to be Independent in the next 5 years

THE little book pictured above should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years. It explains some of the changes which are taking place in the business world today. It tells

how you can equip yourself to take your place in the new business structure with confidence and increased earning power. It contains the condensed results of 20 years' experience in helping men to forge ahead financially.

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

FEBRUARY, 1932

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AMONG NEXT MONTH'S FEATURES

EXTRA! All about the ultra-modern houses that have gone 'way beyond the blue print stage. Being occupied, in fact. Harvey Wiley Corbett tells all about them . . . and hazards an opinion about the future of housing . . . "The Master of Chaos," Irving Bacheller's novel of the days of Washington, comes to a dramatic and satisfying finish . . . Marquis James word pictures the present depression—in language nobody can misunderstand . . . Frederick Palmer continues his survey of the country in the grip of hard times.

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In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new.

"Aw... You Couldn't Sell!" They Jeered



Yet This Simple Training Made Me a \$10,000 a Year Salesman!

LEW ROGERS and Will Clark thought they were actually doing me a favor when they jeered and tried to discourage me! "Aw, you couldn't sell," they said. "That course doesn't mean a thing, for an ordinary fellow like you. Why, you've got to be a regular born salesman to be able to sell successfully—you can't learn from a book!"

As a matter of fact, if I had not read a certain slim little book the night before I would have agreed with them. For years I had been just like them—under-paid, over-worked, futureless! Of course, I knew that the biggest pay in business is drawn down by salesmen—real, successful masters of selling. But if anybody had told me that, at 29, I actually *would* be making \$200 a week as a salesman, I'd have said he was crazy.

And then, as I said, that slim little yellow book fell into my hands. Only seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—yet it revealed facts and secrets to me that I had never dreamed of! I was amazed to learn what the real secret of the so-called "born salesman" was. But I was even more amazed and thrilled as I realized that I, too, held the power to master and use those secrets myself!

SAW ACTUAL PROOF!

I actually saw how thousands of men had already done it! Not specially gifted men. Men like me—average, ordinary, men without any more education or ability or experience than I had had. They were men like A. C. Wallahan, of Huron, S. Dakota, who sent his pay skyrocketing up 400% after he mastered these simple rules and methods. They were fellows like H. E. Widmer of Mountain View, N. J., who left a poorly-paid routine office job just like mine, and raised his pay 600%.

Before I had even finished that little yellow book, which was called "The Key To Master Salesmanship," I had enrolled for this startling training. Almost before I had time to get my breath, as you might say, it was bringing me results! And today, even after so short a time as this, I'm absolutely a different man.

No more time-clocks for me. No more sweating over a desk for a pittance of a wage. No more fear of layoffs or of wage cuts. Just a few months ago I got an offer from a rival firm that took my breath away—not because I was just a salesman, but because I was a trained *master* of salesmanship.

For every man who holds these priceless secrets of successful salesmanship, there are thousands more who only envy—and ascribe his big earnings and steady rise in business to "pull" or "luck" or to some mysterious "special gift."

Yet these high salaried men themselves can tell you that those who envy them—who only *wish* they could succeed in selling—could easily have these same powers. They know there is no such thing as a "born" salesman. To lay an old established institution whose membership includes hundreds of leading sales executives is taking men from every walk of life and training them—in just a few short months—in the secrets and the successful methods that have created the biggest sales successes of our day. It *isn't* "learning out of a book"—instead, it is a totally new method, that actually gives you immediate practical experience while you learn!

Send For This Amazing Book NOW!

Send for "The Key To Master Salesmanship" today. See the records of the men who have actually used this amazing training—the men who have left petty ill-paid jobs behind them, and have increased their incomes—anywhere from 100% to 700%.

If we were charging you two or three dollars a copy—as many men say we should—you might hesitate. But it is absolutely free. It is sent without any obligation to you. And though it costs you nothing, it may easily change the course of your life absolutely, as it has changed and enriched the lives of hundreds more. Simply mail the coupon now—don't delay a minute.

National Salesmen's
Training Association
Dept. B-24
21 W. Elm Street
Chicago, Ill.



Where Shall
We Send
Your Copy
FREE?

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. B-24, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation to me, send me at once my FREE copy of "The Key To Master Salesmanship," with full information about the N.S.T.A. training and service features.

Name

Address

City State

Age Occupation

SAY R!

By
Fred C. Kelly

Cartoon by Herb Roth

A NATIVE SON OF
THE MID-WEST SUG-
GESTS THAT THERE
ARE TWENTY- SIX
LETTERS IN THE
ALPHABET

FOR some little time now I have been seriously annoyed by radio announcers. Indeed, a radio announcer greatly harassed and pestered me not two minutes ago. Right now I feel a sense of helplessness that is making a morose man of me. What shall we do to be saved from radio announcers? I receive visits nearly every day at my farm-house from insurance agents, lightning-rod agents, fire-extinguisher agents, brush salesmen, cistern-cleaning racketeers—oh, all sorts. But these never really bother me much because, in the first place, I always keep the screen door latched; even when they offer me calling cards to look at, I never unfasten the screen, and I keep the screen door up all winter. Anyhow, many of these callers are charming folk. They at least talk as if they were human beings and not as if they were inmates of a school of elocution.

But radio announcers are something else again. No screen door stops *them*. They come in and talk to me even while I'm trying to eat my victuals. You say all I have to do is turn the knob of my radio and shut off an objectionable announcer. Ah, yes, I do that—but I always get another announcer who is just as irritating. Maybe you'll say I can shut 'em all off, or yank my radio out entirely. Then I'd be unpopular with the young folks about my premises. They like to have the radio going because of their youthful optimism. They believe they'll eventually hear music good enough to justify submitting to preliminary announcements. Hence I'm compelled, part of each day, to listen to the talk of people whose vocative activities cause me deep distress.

I often wonder if radio announcers talk the same when not working as they do when on the air. If so, are they voluntarily admitted into people's homes? Just fancy having a radio announcer come with his wife to call and chat with you all evening in his elocutionary manner! And how does a radio announcer behave in his own home? Does he speak in that same way when he asks his wife or his poor innocent children to pass the pre-



serves? Does he stick his little finger out when drinking tea or coffee? I can't think a radio announcer talks that way *all* the time. If he doesn't have to talk that way, then what is his idea? Do advertisers demand it? Do they think it helps to sell things? The truth is, of course, that plenty of plain average folk, such as myself, who have endured much, find in the very name of certain radio-advertised products a forbidding connotation. I go into, say, a drug store, and see something I have heard mentioned by a radio announcer. Instantly I think: "Hully chee! I never want any of *that!*"

WHAT I'm wondering especially is why one almost never hears a radio announcer who talks with a plain Middle Western accent. Why do nearly all of them speak as if they were either Eastern or Oxonian—their idea of Oxford? I was brought up to feel that our boys in Ohio and other parts of the Middle West are just as good as anybody. Why aren't these boys allowed to announce over the radio? Why do the announcing jobs go to those dudes from the effete East? It wouldn't be so bad if Eastern stations had Easterners and Western stations employed Westerners, but even when I listen to stations in Western cities I hear announcers who drop their r's. It's no affair of mine if a man wishes to leave off his r's. Half the time I drop my g's, omit whole syllables, or run two or three words together. Anybody is entitled to talk as he sees fit. But, I insist, if a man is going to talk Eastern, then he ought to do so with a *natural* Eastern accent and not with a mere imitation of the regulation standard goods.

Out our way, when we don't have (Continued on page 61)

The New **FLEXBOAT**

ROWING MACHINE

with
ROLLING SEAT



- 1** Strongly constructed of wood, securely braced throughout, finished in walnut. Designed to withstand the weight and strength of 250 lbs.
- 2** Rolling seat, with silent wheels running in groove. Seat cannot tip, tilt, or come off.
- 3** Platform for standing exercises, especially valuable for abdominal and back muscles.
- 4** Double steel springs, nickel plated, tested to withstand hard usage.
- 5** Rubber feet to keep from marring floors or rugs.
- 6** Light in weight. Easily portable. Size 46 x 13 inches. Fits any size person up to 6 feet 4 inches.
- 7** Equipped with toe straps.

EXAMINE IT FREE!

Copyright, 1931
U. S. and Foreign Patents Pending

A Million Dollars' Worth of Health

YOU have always promised yourself that you would "take some exercise." Yet that bulging waistline, those too-large hips, your flabby abdominal muscles—all tell the tale of self-neglect. That tired feeling, nervousness, constipation, and a host of other ills may be blamed on lack of regular "workouts."

KEEP IN SHAPE

But who wants to **WORK** to keep in shape? No wonder we keep putting it off, until soon we do practically no limbering up at all! Now that's all changed! Rowing is known to be a wonderful all-around exercise—and it is **ENJOYABLE!** And the **FLEXBOAT** Rowing Machine makes it possible for every family to get in shape and **KEEP** in shape—at the remarkably low price of only \$7.75.

REDUCE WAISTLINE AND BULGING HIPS

Every Life Insurance Company, every physician, recognizes the dangers of excess fat. You yourself know that it affects the heart, digestion, liver, kidneys. Reducing has been a nightmare of strenuous dieting and vigorous exercising. Why not try rowing? It has proven a blessing to thousands of others who are inclined to stoutness!

GAIN STRENGTH

The **FLEXBOAT** has two steel springs fastened to the back board, and attached to the front handle by means of a stout webbing which rolls over a pulley. As you roll backward on the rolling seat you pull against the tension of the springs—all the way back to a prone position!

Then, as you relax, the springs **PULL YOU UP**, and roll the seat forward. Your "tummy" gets some real exercise, and the bending and stretching promotes healthy circulation throughout the body. The liver, kidneys and bowels are toned up. The arms, legs, thighs, hips and shoulders are given something real to do! The **FLEXBOAT** is fun—and it requires only five minutes a day to do its good work!

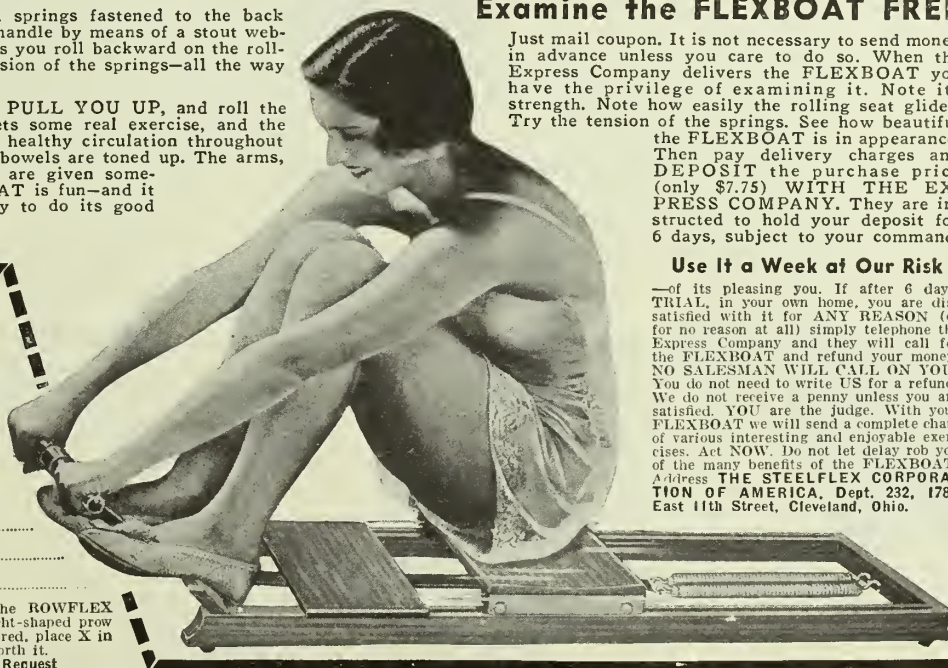
MAIL COUPON NOW

THE STEELFLEX CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. 232, 1785 East 11th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me **FLEXBOAT ROWING MACHINES**, delivery charges collect. I am to have the privilege of **FREE EXAMINATION** upon arrival. If pleased with its appearance I will deposit the purchase price (\$7.75 for each) with the Express Company, to be held by them for 6 days pending my final decision after trying the **FLEXBOAT**. If I do not notify the Express Company to return my money and return your rowing machine, they are to remit to you. It is understood that there are no further payments of any kind.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

☐ NOTE: Our finest rowing machine, the **ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER**, has aluminum Yacht-shaped prow and other superior appointments. If desired, place X in square at left. Price \$11.85, and well worth it.
Canadian and Foreign Prices on Request



7⁷⁵
Plus
Small Delivery
Charges

For Only \$

Nothing More To Pay!

Yes—only \$7.75. Look at the illustration above. Read the description. Then mail the coupon. Send no money. **EXAMINE the FLEXBOAT FREE.** Try it a week at our risk of its pleasing you. Such is the confidence we have in this well-made, low-priced rowing machine. You have nothing to lose! You have **HEALTH, STRENGTH and SLENDERNESS** to gain.

SEND NO MONEY

Examine the FLEXBOAT FREE

Just mail coupon. It is not necessary to send money in advance unless you care to do so. When the Express Company delivers the **FLEXBOAT** you have the privilege of examining it. Note its strength. Note how easily the rolling seat glides. Try the tension of the springs. See how beautiful the **FLEXBOAT** is in appearance. Then pay delivery charges and **DEPOSIT** the purchase price (only \$7.75) **WITH THE EXPRESS COMPANY.** They are instructed to hold your deposit for 6 days, subject to your command.

Use It a Week at Our Risk

—of its pleasing you. If after 6 days' **TRIAL**, in your own home, you are dissatisfied with it for **ANY REASON** (or for no reason at all) simply telephone the Express Company and they will call for the **FLEXBOAT** and refund your money. **NO SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU.** You do not need to write US for a refund. We do not receive a penny unless you are satisfied. **YOU** are the judge. With your **FLEXBOAT** we will send a complete chart of various interesting and enjoyable exercises. Act NOW. Do not let delay rob you of the many benefits of the **FLEXBOAT.** Address: **THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. 232, 1785 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.**



HOCKEY

Takes Out Its Papers

By Stanley Woodward

Canada defeating the United States in the hockey finals, International winter games at Chamonix, France, in 1929. They will meet again at Lake Placid this month

THROUGH the huge interior of New York's Madison Square Garden sounds the yell of the hockey fan. It is echoed in Chicago, in Detroit, St. Louis and Los Angeles. Ice hockey has arrived.

Born in Canada and played for years in zero weather—in mining camps and little isolated towns of the provinces where blizzards rage and biting winds sweep down from the Arctic Circle—the game has been civilized, synthetized—yes, even refined, and it now threatens to become our national winter sport.

Though the modern tendency may be toward the glorification of the amateur and the subjugation of all that savors of the monetary, we shall have to award credit for the situation—if credit is to be given—to hard-boiled professional promoters whose motivation was a desire to corral the shekel, leaving the glory to whoever might want it.

For many years hockey was played on the northern fringe of the United States on an amateur and—if the term is permissible—semi-amateur basis. It stuck to the icicle belt, however, and the broad South knew nothing of it. Then all of a sudden it was discovered as a commercial possibility. The fire, the dash, the bumps and the spills, natural manifestations of the spirit of the game, were assayed on a basis of dollars and cents and found sound.

There is some dispute as to who had the first inspiration. I

think it was a Canadian racing man and hockey addict by the name of Tom Duggan who pressed the button.

This Mr. Duggan viewed the United States with its narrow band of hockey along the northern border. In the East and Middle West colleges and schools were playing and club teams were being operated in a minor key with such amateur and semi-professional talent as could be unearthed or imported. Out on the Pacific Coast there already was professional hockey, for the Patricks, Frank and Lester, had planted it in Seattle and Portland. The big money belt of the East and Middle West, however, had gone unexploited.

Mr. Duggan was a psychologist of rare perception. He felt the pulse of the American public and found it loud and strong. He glanced at American football and found it rough and rugged. He examined the field in general and found that sports involving speed, physical contact and controversy appealed to our countrymen. His conclusion was, "Hockey is the thing."

That was eight years ago. The National Hockey League, confined to Eastern Canada, was virtually bankrupt. It was getting increasingly hard to meet the bills, to make the ice and pay the players. Accordingly, when Mr. Duggan offered cash, not important money, yet cash, for three non-existent franchises in this league, the ruling spirits welcomed him as they would have welcomed a Messiah.

They sold him three franchises, laughing the while in their sleeves—franchises which, it was

(Continued on page 38)

THE Best Players of the Ice Game Still Come from Canada, But the Trend Is Definitely Southward

"Sure..I'll Tell You,Bill, How I Got this Government Job!"

"H AVENT' seen you for a long time, Bill. I travel around quite a bit now—in this government job.

"How did I get it? Well, I'll tell you, Bill. Right after we got back from France I got a job in a factory. It didn't 'pan out.' They got some kind of new machinery and a lot of us were let out. Boy, I was worried!

"But Uncle Sam has certainly fixed everything okay now. I got \$1,850 a year to start and I'm now earning \$2,700.

I'm All Through Worrying Now

"Until I got this Railway Mail Clerk job I was always worrying about money. Nowadays I never give a thought to lay-offs or slack times that have other fellows scared. Increases in pay come regularly when you're with the government. You don't have to do any boot-licking either. Everybody gets the same square deal.

"Every year, Bill, I get 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. And we went on 44-hour week schedule July 1st. Mighty few fellows who are not in the government service get a break like that. Best of all, Bill, you don't have to keep worrying about the future all the time, wondering whether some day you're going to be living on your relatives and all that sort of thing. Your retirement pension takes care of you.

As An Ex-Service Man I Got Preference

"I suppose I'd be worrying myself sick right now, just as you are doing, if I hadn't happened to get hold of a booklet written by a fellow in Rochester named Arthur R. Patterson. It was through the help he gave me that I got my government job so quickly. I didn't know a thing about it when I first wrote to him. I didn't even know that we ex-service men get preference!

"If you are 'shaky' about your job and wondering what's going to happen to you, I suggest, Bill, that you write to Arthur R. Patterson in Rochester right now. I forget the name of the booklet he'll send you, but it's good sound stuff.

"Well, so long, Bill, we pull out of here in a couple of minutes and I have to get going."

* * * *

The title of the booklet which this Railway Mail Clerk refers to is "How to Secure a Government Position." If you are a veteran, 18 to 50, this booklet will tell you how to get the government



job you want—and a lot of other interesting facts about jobs with the government.

Page 4, for example, tells what Uncle Sam pays. Page 10 tells all about the vacations. Page 12 explains how you are prepared quickly and how, if you don't get the job within a certain time after passing examinations, this help costs you nothing. Page 18 tells about

the automatic system of giving you yearly raises.

There is no obligation of any kind in sending for this booklet. The only suggestion is that you get ready NOW for the next Railway Postal Clerk examination! So mail this coupon at once—and get going toward something that stops you from worrying about "hard times" and losing your job. Mail this coupon today. Address A. R. Patterson, PATTERSON SCHOOL, 632 Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.

PICK YOUR JOB--I'll Help You Get It!

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

\$1850 to \$2700 a year
Opportunity for travel. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. Paid all the time.

POST OFFICE CLERK

\$1700 to \$2100 a year
Special Clerks at \$2200 to \$2300
15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Eligible to promotion to higher paid positions.

CITY MAIL CARRIER

\$1700 to \$2100 a year
15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Good chance for rapid promotion to bigger pay.

R. F. D. MAIL CARRIER

\$1800 to \$2300 a year
15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. A fine position for men in rural districts.

INTERNAL REVENUE and CUSTOMS HOUSE POSITIONS

Extra Pay for Overtime
\$1100, \$1600 to \$3000 a year and up

POSTMASTER

\$1200 to \$2500 a year
This is a position of great importance.



A. R. Patterson

FREE BOOK

A. R. Patterson,
PATTERSON SCHOOL,
632 Wisner Building,
Rochester, New York

Please send me your big free book and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1,850 to \$3,300 a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This doesn't cost me a penny.



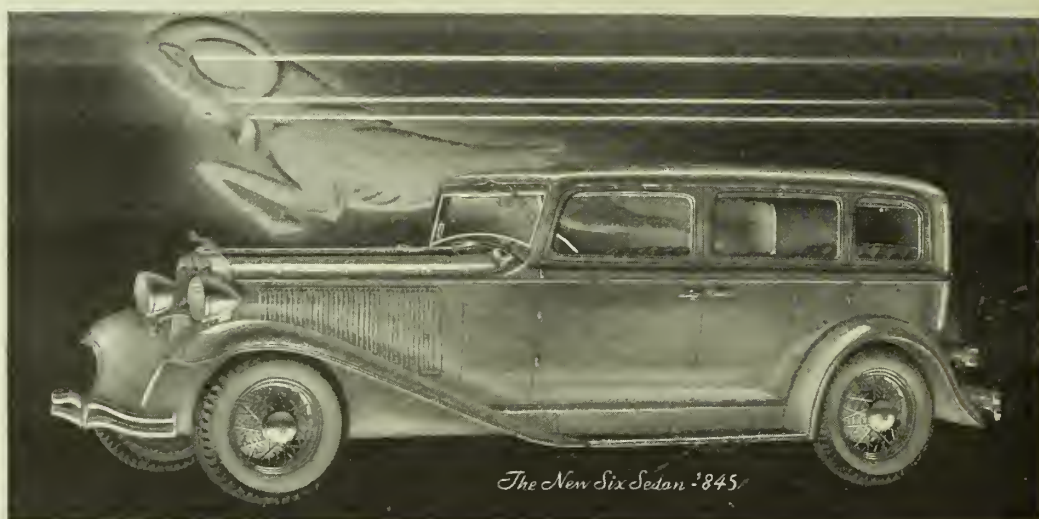
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

New
SIX AND EIGHT

DODGE

with Floating Power

AUTOMATIC CLUTCH *with* **Silent Gear Selector**
and **FREE WHEELING**



The New Six Sedan '35

*A new achievement
in silent, effortless
motion and easy,
positive control . .*

DODGE PROUDLY PRESENTS two new cars which give results so astonishing that no possible description can quite prepare you for the sensation you will get at the wheel.

Floating Power as applied to the new Dodge six- and eight-cylinder engines, produces a power flow so liquid-smooth that comparing it to electricity only partly does it justice.

The Dodge **Automatic Clutch** coordinated with the entirely separate Dodge **Free Wheeling** mechanism, enables you to drive without ever touching the clutch pedal.

You simply drive as though there were no clutch. You can shift to low, to second, to high—or back down again—at any speed, standing still, or under any circumstances whatever. Nor do you have to touch the clutch to reverse . . . **the whole operation is completely automatic.**

There are no extra things to learn.

No extra pedals or buttons to push. No way to make a mistake. Driving is not complicated, it is **simplified**—to a point that engineers have often dreamed of, but never before achieved.

Nor is that all. Shifting is completely effortless with the Silent Gear Selector. You can move the shifting lever as easily and silently as you turn the page of a book. And Weatherproof Hydraulic Brakes of greatly increased size with newly designed drums give braking control that is unexcelled for ease of operation and equalized, positive action.

A single control on the dash enables you to lock out both the Automatic Clutch and Free Wheeling—effecting instant change to conventional drive.

Dodge is proud of these cars. Proud that they offer engineering progress that goes beyond everything that has previously been known. Proud of their beauty. Proud of their size and comfort. Proud of their already-proved factors of body and chassis design which give them highly advanced stability and safety.

Dodge is proud to invite you to drive these cars. Confident that their buoyant responsiveness, their silent, pulse-quickenning pace will give you the most delightful experience you have ever had in a motor car.

Dodge commends them to you as a great forward stride in engineering—and more. With all of their advancements, with all of their flashing speed, smoothness and lightning-quick responsiveness, they are true Dodge cars—economical to buy, economical to drive—typical products of Dodge Dependability.

Dodge continues to believe that the most important thing about a motor car is that it be a good motor car.

There is only one way to appreciate what these cars are, what they can do, what they mean in terms of what the dollar can buy today. **Take the wheel**—the cars themselves will tell you.

**HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . .
SILENT SECOND GEAR . . .
LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY
. . . DOUBLE-DROP BRIDGE-
TYPE FRAME . . . MONO-
PIECE STEEL BODIES . . .**

NEW LOW PRICES

NEW DODGE SIX . . . \$795 to \$845
NEW DODGE EIGHT . . . \$1115 to \$1145

F. O. B. Detroit. Low delivered prices. Convenient terms. Five wire or demountable wood wheels, no extra cost. Duplicate safety plate glass at new low price. Automatic Clutch only \$8 additional on all Sixes. Closed models factory-wired for Philco-Transitone.



CAN YOU SKIN *a* HORSE?

*By Harry
P. Kendall*

*Lithograph by
John E. Costigan*

THE rising sun dims the rays of a kerosene lantern that is smoky from having flickered in the gusts of an open field throughout the night. A young man throws the last shovelfuls of earth to fill a hole dug only a few hours before. They are the final licks to a job. And what a job! Nothing less than skinning and burying a horse. That is, the *job* was nothing less than that. But the manner in which it was done—and the reason why it was done—made the job a great deal more.

This feat of skinning and burying a horse, as it was performed by this particular young man, is a graphic symbol of some of the qualities that seem to me to indicate potential leadership.

The horse-skinner was a young man working his way through an agricultural college. A friend of mine who lives in the college town told me about him. It was because of this horse-skinning feat, dramatizing as it did certain other abilities and capacities of the young man, that he told me about him.

My friend had employed him to do odd jobs about the place, such as mowing the lawn and tending the garden. One day the young man came to him and asked if he might postpone for a day or so a job he had agreed to do—putting on storm windows. It

was so unusual for him to beg off from agreed-upon appointments that my friend asked him the reason.

Bit by bit, he got out of him that he had agreed to bury the dead horse of a neighboring farmer. The horse had to be under ground before morning. It would mean working all night. The young man had never buried a horse before. Anyone who thinks it a light and easy task for one man to undertake is greatly mistaken. My friend questioned him further, and eventually got the whole story. It seemed that he would get five dollars for burying the carcass; then, for removing it, he could have the hide. And that, he had found out, would bring twelve dollars.

The young man earned his seventeen dollars, every cent. That was only part of the story. During what normally would have been his junior year this young fellow stayed out of college. He had become so impressed with the practical value of what he was learning that he had decided his father should also have an opportunity to profit from the opportunities that he had enjoyed. So he went back to the farm for a year and carried it on while his father took a special agricultural course.

This young man had the *character* of a (Continued on page 59)



What We Owe to WASHINGTON

By Rupert Hughes

JUST what did George Washington actually do for us? Everybody has a vague idea, mostly wrong. Wouldn't it be valuable to have a list of the things he did that gave him the name of Father of his Country?"

This question, asked by the editor of this magazine, seemed to me to express a long-felt want, and what follows is an attempt to supply it.

I got myself into a peck of trouble—bushels of trouble—some years ago by telling a meeting of the Sons of the Revolution that the average American knew only four things about Washington, none of which are true; and that it was the special duty of Sons

which, of course, there was no one to record, or to remember, nearly seventy years later. It includes some remarkable lines. When George, caught with the hatchet, confessed what he could hardly have denied his father exclaimed:

"Run to my arms, you dearest boy, run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you killed my tree for you paid me for it a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold."

Is anybody idiot enough to believe that Washington's father was idiot enough to utter such balderdash? And if so, who wrote it down?

The prayer-at-Valley Forge story is equally unworthy of belief. It is pinned on Issac Potts, a Quaker, who is described as Washington's landlord, though there is no proof that he was ever in Valley Forge during Washington's stay there, and we have Washington's statement that he paid the rent to an entirely different person. We cannot call Potts a liar, however, because he never left a line to claim this story: nobody ever left a line claiming to have heard him tell the story; all we have are a few reminiscences from very old men saying that they heard very old men say that they heard Isaac Potts tell the story. Such evidence is beneath contempt, especially as the stories differ vitally as to what Potts did when he heard the prayer, and how he felt about it.

The only positive evidence we have as to Washington's habit of kneeling is the written statements of two clergymen whose churches he attended that he was never seen to kneel and that he would not even stay in church during the communion service.

As to the famous oath at the Battle of Monmouth, it is described as the only one he was ever heard to utter, but so terrible that it shook the leaves and made hardened old soldiers cover their ears. This is idiotic enough in itself, but we happen to have sworn evidence as to this scene, because a long court-martial followed it and we have the sworn testimony of all the officers who were present. Not one of them even hints that Washington swore. General Lee, who demanded the court-martial, never hinted that he was cursed in the presence of his troops. What Washington said when he rode up to the retreating Lee was, "What's

"In all the human chronicle there is not another man who did so much for his people and asked so little of them"

of the Revolution to protect and promulgate the actual facts and destroy the fables

The four legends I mentioned were: first, that Washington cut down a cherry tree and said that he could not tell a lie; second, that he swore only once and then at the Battle of Monmouth; third, that he prayed so loudly in the snow at Valley Forge that he alarmed a passer-by; fourth, that he was a very pompous man of Puritanical conduct, a sort of living statue.

My statement was, of course, a slight exaggeration or diminution, since most Americans are also aware that he was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," also that he was commander-in-chief during the Revolution and was the first President of the United States.

The cherry-tree story first appeared six years after Washington's death in a silly compilation by a book-agent, Parson Weems, who began his lies on the title page where he said he was "Rector of Mount Vernon parish," which did not exist. He gives the cherry-tree story with a vast amount of allegedly actual dialogue

Decorations by George Illian

this? What's this?" And Lee, not understanding him, said "What's what?" There was a brief explanation from Lee, and Washington told Lee to organize the defence while he himself brought forward reinforcements.

Furthermore, Washington swore on other occasions and his letters frequently contain expressions that can only be called profanity.

Finally, the idea that Washington was a stern and marble man who never laughed and was of the strictest possible conduct is as false as possible. He was a great lover of fox-hunting, fishing, duck-shooting; he loved to go to a cockfight; he went great distances to see horse races, raced his own horses and bet on them—we have his own statements of his gains and losses; he was a devotee of cards and constantly played for money—we have his statements of his winnings and losings in his own handwriting; he was a passionate lover of the theater, went every day when he could, and went to the theater when it was against the law. He was a tireless dancer and was forever getting up dances even in the midst of war. He was an ardent sportsman and used to play ball with his officers for hours at a time. His own accounts show that he purchased enormous amounts of wine, importing the best at vast expense; he served rum when wine was scarce, and distilled and sold whiskey in large quantities. His letters are full of gaiety and wit and while he was no clown, he could laugh till he was exhausted and once he lay down and rolled on the grass.

He was the most fashionably dressed man of his day, kept the best horses and coaches in the country, and his hospitality was lavish.

So the four things that everybody knows about Washington are pitifully false. Take these away and the public ignorance of this glorious man is simply abysmal. Vast numbers of people take revenge on the pious ideal of him by spreading dirty stories about his private morals, every one of which stories is absolutely without a shred of discoverable evidence, while some of them are based on proved forgeries and enemy propaganda manufactured out of whole cloth.

Then what is the truth about him?

First, a word as to his ancestry. We are told constantly that the allegedly high moral standards of this country are chiefly due to the fact that it was largely founded by Puritans who were driven to these stern and rockbound coasts by the persecution of wicked people, and who came hither for freedom to worship God. However true this may or may not be—and it is largely false—Washington's ancestors were driven to this country by the persecutions of the Puritans who had overthrown the royal government in England, and who threw Washington's great-great-grandfather, the Rev. Lawrence Washington, out of his church

**"Of all creators of nations he was the meekest,
most modest servant of the public welfare"**

as a "scandalous, malignant priest . . . a common frequenter of Ale-houses . . . and oft drunk." His sons fled from England.

Though many of the early citizens of Virginia as of the other colonies were English convicts, many of the convicts were the honorable victims of outrageous laws. But in any case Washington's ancestors were not deported. They left voluntarily.

Virginia at the time of Washington's birth was frontier country full of Indians and as constantly liable to savage raids and white reprisals as the Wild West of recent history.

From boyhood Washington as a young surveyor was one of the earliest and most prominent figures in pushing the frontier westward and opening roads and making settlement safe, and to his dying day he was devoted to the development of new territories



and the improvement of transportation to them. Hence, he has been called the Father of the West and he earned his fame not only by explorations in the face of danger and privations, but also by his supreme bravery in desperate battles with the Indians, French, and renegades worse than the savages. He accepted land grants for military services, secured them for his fellow soldiers, strove to open the land to civilization. He was not only in the best sense a great and daring speculator in lands, but he struggled to colonize them and to induce foreigners and natives to move out to them and develop agriculture and towns.

Through careful management and daring purchase, Washington became one of the richest three or four men in the colonies.

"There is hardly a field of human activity in which he did not play a part, never with dishonor, never with indifference to the rights of others"

According to equivalents he would have been a multimillionaire today. It is all the more to his credit that he was the military leader of his colony and his country, risking not only his property but his head.

Few very rich men have taken such a prominent place in military affairs. It was as if John D. Rockefeller had replaced John J. Pershing in the late war.

The sacrifice was also the greater as Washington was almost fanatically in love with farm life, and hated to leave his beloved home, his beloved Martha and his adopted children.

He was a scientific agriculturist, experimenting with crops, manures, machines, corresponding with men abroad and with inventors. He was an expert in tobacco culture and shipped great quantities to England. He was a prominent miller and very proud of his flour. He was an ardent breeder of stock. He raised the finest hounds, horses, cattle and made a great study of mules, importing the finest European breeds and putting them out to stud.

Though his own education had been interrupted by his father's death, by his desire for independence from his brother, and by his taking up the art of surveying, he took intense interest in the education of the young, and left in his will provisions for the founding of a college.

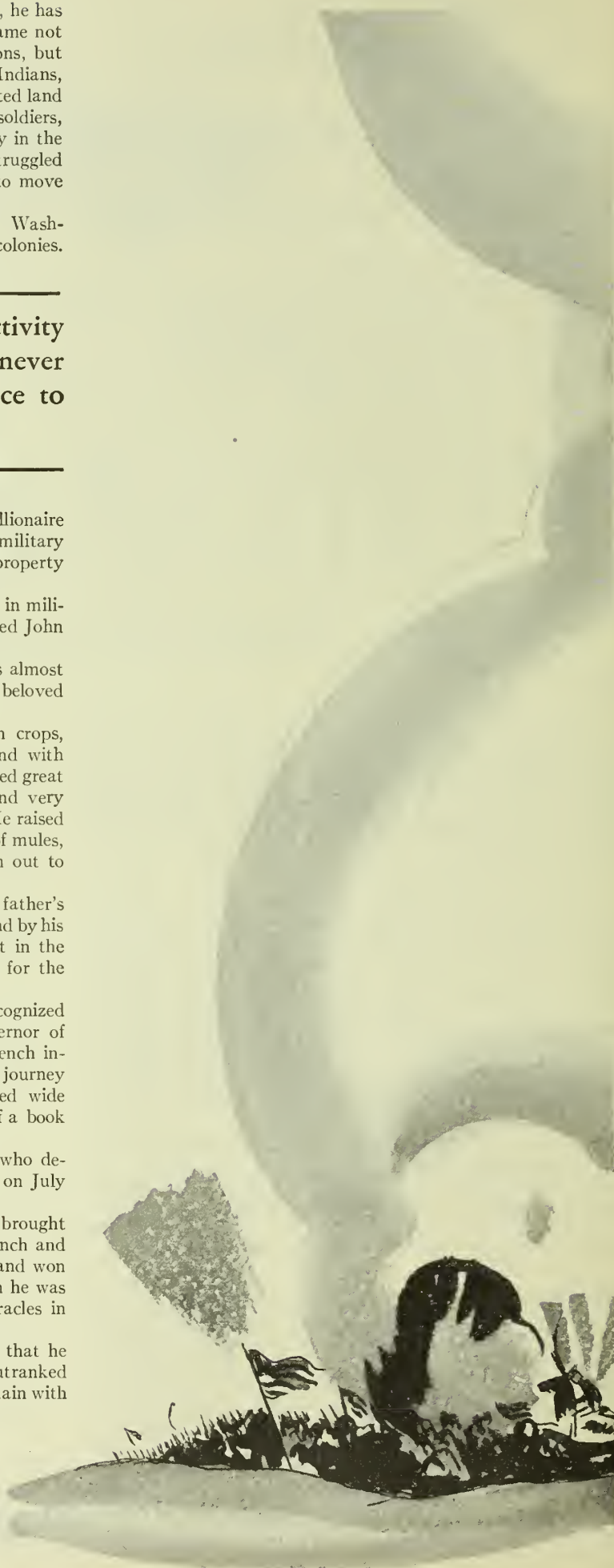
At the age of twenty-one he was already so well recognized that he was commissioned a major and the royal governor of Virginia sent him out in the wilderness to warn the French invaders off the British territory. He made a remarkable journey and his account was published in England and attracted wide attention. He made his debut therefore as the author of a book on exploration and adventure.

He was next sent out to drive off by force the French who declined to move out. He was defeated and surrendered, on July 4, 1754, but with the honors of war.

Moreover, the first shot he ordered fired at the French brought on the Seven Years' War in Europe, known as the French and Indian War in America. He went out with Braddock and won great fame for his courage in that terrible defeat. Then he was made colonel of all Virginia troops and performed miracles in holding back French and Indian invasions of Virginia.

He was already so proud, and so proud of Virginia, that he would not accept the theory that any royal commission outranked any colonial commission. Though he was a colonel, a captain with a royal commission refused to obey him, so Washington rode all the way to Boston to secure orders from headquarters compelling inferior officers with royal commissions to obey their superiors however commissioned. This was really a big step toward independence.

He ran for the assembly on a dry ticket and was badly defeated. At the age of twenty-six he ran again.



suppressed his dry leanings, paid for a very wet election, and won it. A law was passed after that disqualifying any candidate who gave away any liquor at an election, but Washington ignored it with perfect regularity and was regularly elected until he went on to a higher destiny.

He commanded the Virginia troops in the expedition of General Forbes, who accomplished what Braddock had failed to do, and Washington's men were not merely first in Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh) but his regiment was forced to stay and garrison it.

His health had been so wrecked that he gave up campaigning, went home, married the richest widow in Virginia, combined her estate with his own and set about paying off his debts and acquiring wealth, while managing the estates of his wife, his two step-children, his mother, his brothers, and giving help to great numbers of people.

He made the long journey to the colony's capital whenever the assembly was in session and, as the relations with England grew more and more strained, he took a more and more aggressive stand for the rights, the dignities and the equalities of the colonies with the mother country.

As early as 1769 he was one of the leaders in

the boycotting of British goods and resistance to unjust encroachments in colonial independence. When in 1774 England closed the port of Boston and forbade the Western expansion of the colonies, Washington proposed not only to go to the relief of Boston but to pay his own troops. He actually made what was called "the most eloquent speech that ever was made!"

"I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march, myself at their head, for the relief of Boston."

He thus laid himself liable to the ghastly penalties of treason, which included being drawn through the streets, disemboweled while alive, hanged, beheaded, and cut in four pieces.

When the colonies decided to organize and debate their plans instead of rising en masse he was sent as a delegate to the First Continental Congress. He made no speeches but his advice was considered invaluable.

He went home and aided in the organization of military companies, several of which asked to serve under him. He was elected to the Second Continental Congress and suddenly to his amazement was offered the command of all the American troops.

The main reason for his selection was that John Adams of Boston wanted to win for New England the solid support of the Southern Colonies and he nominated the Virginian hero as the man most certain to bring them in. Washington modestly accepted the responsibility, but refused to accept any pay, and rode off at once to Boston, where the British were already surrounded and besieged after their disastrous sortie to Concord and Lexington and their ruinous victory at Bunker Hill.

Washington found the soldiery in a state of incredible chaos with no discipline and no powder. He managed to keep the British locked up while he collected powder, organized the rabble into an army and helped to organize a most effective navy of privateers to prey on British commerce. It would take a volume to describe his difficulties and how he won the respect, even the reverence, of his fellow countrymen.

He finally drew the net about the British so closely that they withdrew from Boston just in time and sailed away. They returned to New York where they vastly outnumbered him and forced him out of the town and all the way across New Jersey, only his magnetism and courage holding together the remnant of a disintegrating army. Congress fled from the capital at Philadelphia and made Washington dictator.

On Christmas night, 1776, he suddenly crossed the icy Delaware, captured a British outpost at Trenton and maneuvered so skilfully that he rescued New Jersey from their occupation.

It is hardly possible to imagine any difficulty a commander could have that Washington did not encounter and did not conquer by his unapproached power to convince jealous and doubtful men of his own integrity and unselfish patriotism. The troubles with quarrelsome officers, with deserting and unreliable soldiers, with a helpless debating society called Con-

"We owe him multitudinous debts that we cannot pay and that most of us never even heard of"

gress, and with thirteen colonies that usually hated one another more than England, were too multitudinous to catalog. It seemed every day that the cause was lost, but Washington held things together by a miracle of personality until the French could be persuaded to send large aid in supplies, money, troops and ships.

Without their aid the success of the Revolution was hopeless, but their aid was largely due to their confidence in Washington as French officers and envoys came to know him. Even his British enemies grew to respect him and he has been ever since the one foreign figure in the world's history whom the British positively revere.

When with the help of the French (Continued on page 42)



Her Lordly Towers Unshaken by Adverse Commercial Winds, Chicago Goes Ahead with Plans for Returning Prosperity and Her 1933 World's Fair



MID-AMERICA

A Personal View

NEARLY half the population of the United States—a population exceeding that of France, Italy, or the British Isles—lies between New England and Illinois' west border, north of Maryland and the Ohio River. The majority of our great fortunes were made in this region of the so-called heavy industries, which is served by the great trunk line railroads, by arterial highways, by many rivers, and by the majestic waterways of the Great Lakes. It produces our steel, our automobiles, and most of our coal. It includes all but one of our cities that touch, or are above, the million mark, and by far the largest part of our capital and the largest number of our skilled industrial workers.

The rapidity of this region's expansion has been rivaled only by parts of the Southwest and the Pacific Coast. At its gate-way is New York. Everyone has heard how luxury stores and hotels have suffered in the metropolis, which is host to a nation's shoppers and pleasure seekers; and how there are rows of "sublet" signs in front of apartment houses in the rich residential sections.

But the New Yorker himself knows other streets than Park and Fifth Avenues and the White Way. He knows factories and piers and mean streets where people have been struggling this

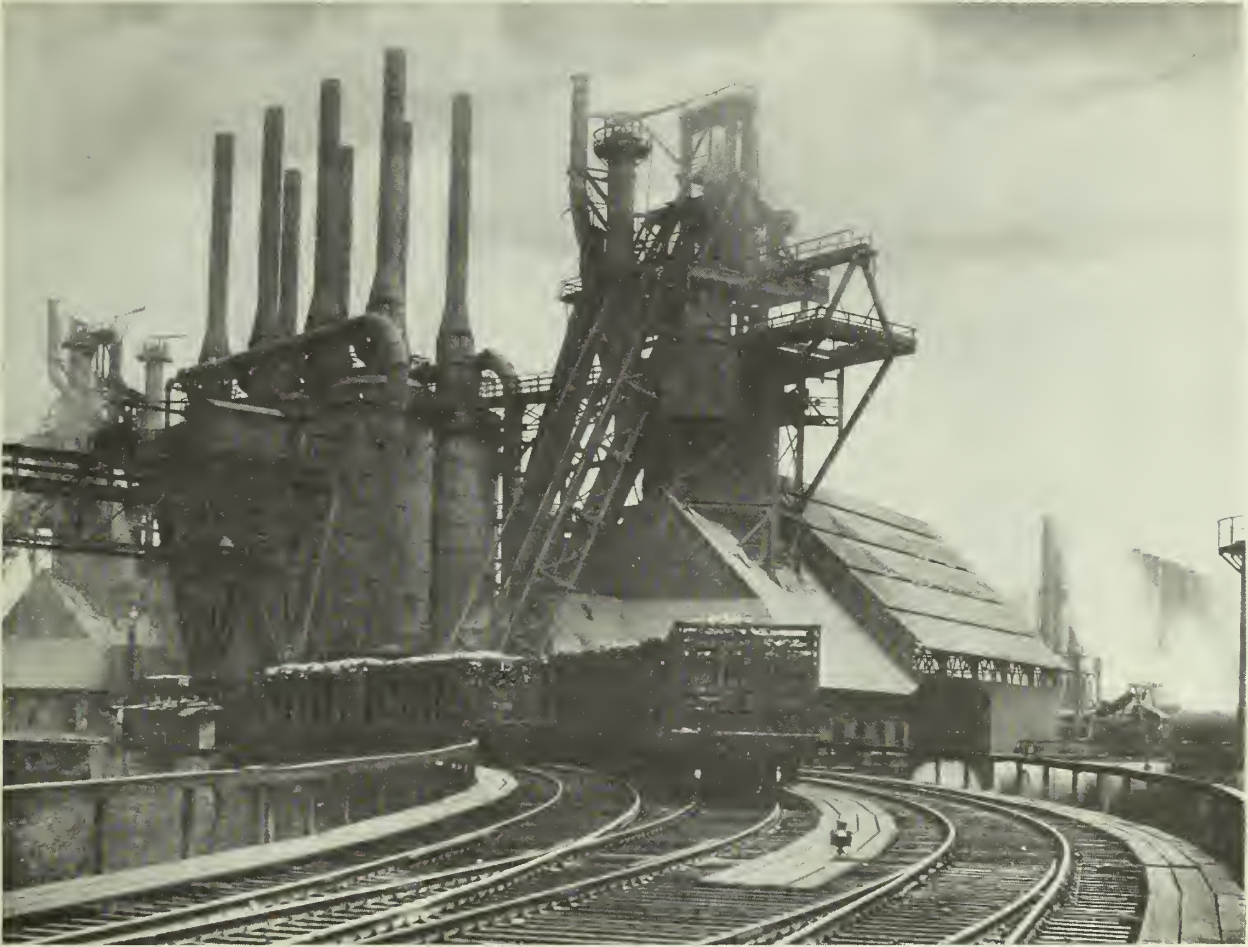
winter to make ends meet; and he knows that, aside from emergency relief, the saving factor for New York this winter has been a diversity of industry and occupations which usually assured that all the members of a family were not unemployed.

It is easier for the man out of work in New York than in Chicago to realize the relation of his misfortune to the ramparts of skyscrapers of downtown New York, the heart of financial America! Wall Street! The Stock Exchange! If you are not employed in Wall Street how can Wall Street rob you of your job? How can it affect you when your money is in a savings bank and you have no stocks or bonds? The fact is that it does, whether rightly or wrongly, under our economic system.

SAVINGS banks pay their maintenance and make their profits by receiving a larger rate of interest from bonds and mortgages than they pay their depositors. The price of the bonds is set on the Stock Exchange. So is the price of collateral which is put up at banks for loans to carry on a business. The lower the prices the less the collateral is worth; and with prices descending banks require a larger margin.

Speculators playing for the fall help on forced sales in a bear market at prices as far below as they might be above intrinsic

Clearer Skies Bespeak Steel's Blast Furnaces Operating at Twenty-Five Percent of Capacity, but Pittsburgh Hopes for Blacker Horizons



Sees It Through

by Frederick Palmer

values in a wild bull market. Forced sales in large amounts bespeak distress for hard-pressed business enterprises which must have funds to keep out of a receiver's hands. In small amounts they tell the story of personal needs that must be met.

All business, and especially business expansion, is built on credit; and the handmaid of credit is confidence. When stock market values keep on falling, caution takes the place of confidence; caution in the frozen assets of unsold bonds in bankers' vaults; caution that leads to hoarding and therefore idle money which does not provide employment; caution on the part of leaders of industry, large and small, as they buttress their credit against further crises. So the vicious circle of depression must run its course, as further contraction means more idleness with less consumption and therefore less production.

It is in New York that the banking power has its main stronghold and that powerful boards of directors of national corporations meet to pass or reduce dividends, which may affect the incomes of employer and employe. The Wall Street stock ticker sends out the impulses in credit and confidence which particularly affect the great industrial area.

What the reduction of dividends means to large and small stockholders is acutely illustrated in Philadelphia, where stock

of the Pennsylvania Railroad is so widely held. Happily, Philadelphia also is blessed by a diversity of industries. It has not been a boom city, and inherited Quaker thrift in times of stress is back of the philosophy which looks up at the statue of William Penn. But, where Philadelphia's industry is related to steel, the old city at the eastern end of Pennsylvania looks westward, with a quickened understanding in mutual interest, to the younger city at the other end of the State.

PITTSBURGH is practically a one-industry area. Steel is King, be times good or bad. The thicker the smoke from the steel plants, the better Pittsburgh likes it. It had ceased to be a pall, it was a thin mantle while the shops made brave display for a lean Christmas. From the tower of Pittsburgh's new cathedral of learning—that bold challenge to old two-story college buildings on the Eastern seaboard—the observer could see unusually far over the circle of stacks, slag heaps and dark roofs which produced the wealth that set that scholastic skyscraper of marble magnificence, and Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh, on a lordly site.

Steel production at twenty-five percent of capacity! Pittsburghers might blink at that fact; and at (Continued on page 40)



In the Days of King GREENBACK

By Marquis James

SATURDAY, September 13, 1873, was pay-day, and it would be difficult to disprove the assertion that it was the biggest pay-day the United States had ever seen. Times were never better, wages never higher, jobs never more plentiful. In the maritime and mill towns of New England, the coal fields and iron works of the near East, the vast mid-continent agricultural empire, the gold and silver camps of the Rockies, the colorful cities of the Coast—money everywhere and a large Saturday night, a Sunday of rest or recuperation, and back to the job when the whistle blew on Monday morning.

The following Saturday saw the nation in the clutch of the most frenzied panic it has known and some of the richest and largest employers of labor without cash to meet their pay-rolls. In New York money could not be borrowed in the regular course on any security at any interest. In Chicago, where the panic touched lightest of all, advances were said to have been made at a rate of twenty percent for thirty days. In Boston a greenback paper dollar, worth as little as sixty cents in wartime, jumped to \$1.04, in New Orleans \$1.08. An earthquake could not have wrought a more swift or unanticipated confusion of affairs. What had happened?

The story goes back to the war, as most hard-times stories do. The Civil War had demonstrated American capacity for production on scales hitherto unheard of. Production for four years had exceeded \$4,000,000,000 gold, one of the most staggering

sums of money to that time put on paper except for academic purposes. This had been done with a million men withdrawn from productive employment. The million left the armies and returned to work. The war habit of enterprise in a large way and the buoyant optimism that comes with peace made jobs for them.

Railroad building led the way. It had captivated the imagination of the country in the flush fifties, before the war, and now the country came back to it with intrepid vigor. The dramatic race to run the Union Pacific across the continent caught the fancy not only of America but of the world. When it was finished in 1869 three other roads were under way—the Texas & Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Canada Southern. Elsewhere old roads were extending lines and double-tracking. Iron rails were being ripped up and replaced by Bessemer steel.

Railroads were then the largest consumers of steel, and when the steel business is good all business is good—a thing that holds true today. Every industry was busy, retail trade was good, from the large "emporiums" of the cities to the cross-road stores, farm yields were good and commanded good prices, there was a rush of immigrants to our shores and all of them found work at wages that seemed fantastic to European eyes. Eighteen sixty-seven and eight were years of healthy prosperity. During the latter year more than two thousand miles of railroad were built. In eighteen sixty-nine this jumped to 4,953 and the boom was on. Eighteen seventy saw 5,690 miles laid, 1871 showed 7,670 miles.



*Illustration by
J. Clinton Shepherd*

It was a mania. Before the Civil War there had been a railroad building boom, but the roads linked settled communities, superseding canal and river routes. Now hundreds and thousands of miles of track were thrust across uninhabited plains and mountains, which the optimism of the day saw so promptly peopled by settlers that the roads should be self-supporting soon enough to satisfy their creditors.

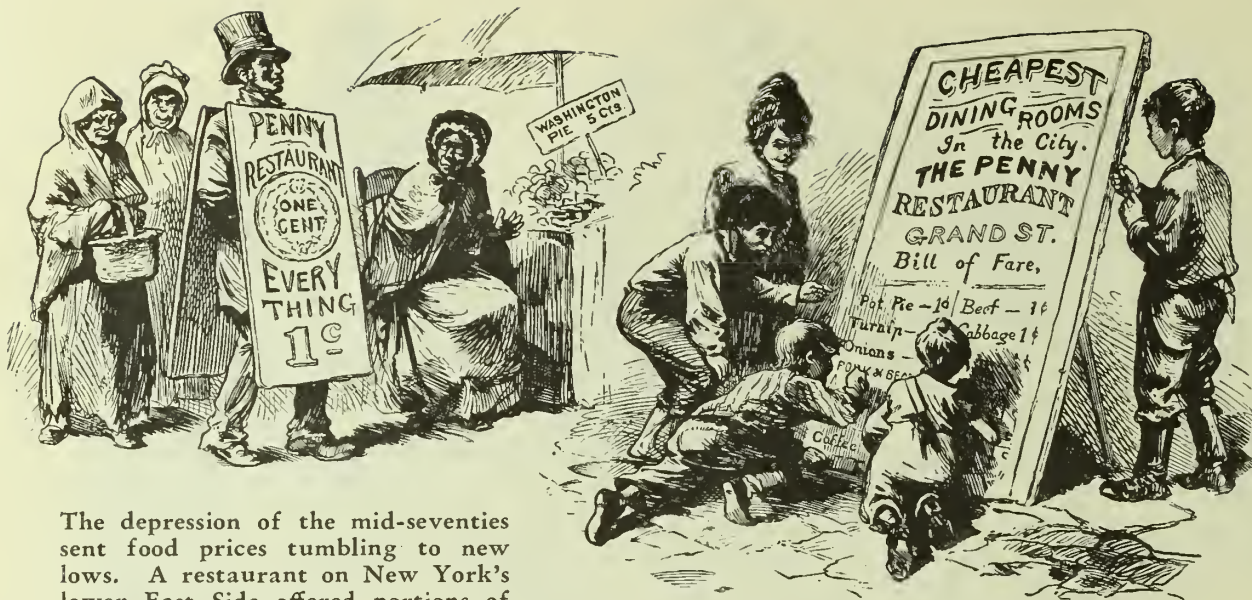
By 1872 four hundred million dollars had been spent on these roads. Where did it come from? Four-fifths of it was borrowed, by the sale of bonds and by advances from bankers reckoning on the sale of bonds. Some of these bonds paid eight percent interest. This interest charge could be met and the bonds themselves retired at maturity only by the earnings of the roads.

Each road had its banking house—Jay Cooke & Company for the Northern Pacific, Kenyon, Cox & Company for Canada Southern, Fisk & Hatch for the Chesapeake & Ohio. These bankers handled the revenues derived from the sales of bonds, and advanced money in anticipation of such sales. Most of the bonds were sold in Europe. Financiers of Germany, Austria and Holland had profited handsomely by their American investments during the Civil War and eagerly took the railroad bonds. English capitalists had backed the losing side in that struggle, which made them the more anxious to recoup. They bought heavily. The bulk of this business represented honest, if increasingly risky, speculation, but there was the inevitable fringe of fraud. Paper railroads exchanged their securities for millions of dollars. Issues that no American would touch were readily sold abroad. On the other hand, issues that had been declined abroad were brought home, their promotion propaganda revamped, and the bonds disposed of on this side of the water. Congress voted railroad land grants of astronomical proportions—170,208,000 acres in all. Towns and counties voted bonds by the wholesale to provide bonuses for railroads to pass their way. Communities and individuals contracted debts

**Times were
never better,
wages never
higher, jobs
never more
plentiful**

with a wave of the hand which a few years before they would have pondered with the greatest of care.

There was speculation in everything a railroad used, notably steel. Prices rose, the cost of living rose, but wages and profits kept pace. But the extent to which all this was done on borrowed capital is reflected by bank statements which showed that American banks were lending money five times as fast as they were receiving it in deposits. Naturally, all loans were reckoned as good and justified by the country's brilliant prospects, but it should not have taken an economist to know that this sort of thing



The depression of the mid-seventies sent food prices tumbling to new lows. A restaurant on New York's lower East Side offered portions of meat, vegetables and dessert for a cent

could not go on indefinitely. There was speculation in land along these roads and a rush of settlers to the West. The vacant landscape was cut up into farms, and each one mortgaged at boom valuation to provide the purchaser with money to start farming on.

Everyone was borrowing against an almost indefinite maintenance of an abnormal prosperity. Liquid capital—that is, the money that passes from hand to hand in the course of everyday trade—was being transformed at an unnatural rate into fixed capital, which is an economist's term for such things as railroads, mills, farms and so on. One can invariably pay a dollar's worth of debts with a dollar, but to pay with a dollar invested in a house depends on the real estate market. Yet this transformation of liquid into fixed capital caused no embarrassment while fresh circulating capital from European bond buyers did not diminish.

European purses were not like the widow's cruse, however. In 1872 our salesmen abroad found the going harder, because the free money over there was getting used up. That was the first real danger signal. With spare money scarcer in Europe, it was the rational thing to assume that one of these days some bondholders over there would need funds and sell their bonds to get them. Thus the bond business would be in danger of passing from a seller's to a buyer's market, a thing that bonds of this speculative character could not stand for a moment without a decline in prices that would endanger the whole structure of the American boom. But the business men of 1872 saw that no more clearly than we of 1928 saw our own particular situation: they believed prosperity permanent and had a dozen convincing arguments. People invariably do that. Depressions are not the fault of economic systems as often as they are the fault of human nature.

In May of 1873 an issue of excellent bonds offered by an established, paying railroad failed of sale in Europe. In the infallible light of hindsight the reason is plain, and the consequences are plain. The world had no more free money to put in American enterprises, good or bad. The great unfinished railroads would go to the wall because their only adequate source of income, bond sales, was gone. Banking houses that had loaned great amounts on the expected disposition of such bonds, now unsaleable, would go to the wall, too.

In New York and other eastern centers money was fairly tight that summer: Danger Signal No. 2. But this was plausibly explained by the statement that it was going

West to "move the crops" and would be back in midwinter. Was not business good? Were not factories working overtime? Was not the greatest railroad man of all, Cornelius Vanderbilt, making his New York Central a four-track road, with steel at a new high of \$120 a ton? Did not these things augur for a continuance of prosperity?

A farmer now takes his pay in checks and drafts, but sixty years ago banks were fewer in country towns and he wanted to handle the cash. This started a great movement of money—actual dollars—from New York to the West about the last week of each September. After Western crops were out of the way cotton came on and the money went South, keeping Eastern banks rather depleted of currency until midwinter or early spring. In 1873 crops were large and began to move three weeks earlier than usual. The first six days in September Western banks called on their New York depositories for \$20,000,000. They got it, though not without some skirmishing and shaking of heads. The second week's demand was less, but harder to meet.

Such was the overt act that started the panic, but if it had not been that it would have been something else.

On Wednesday of the third week the banking house of Kenyon, Cox & Company, agents for the Canada Southern, could not meet the continued demand for cash and closed its doors. The world of finance knew that grave times were ahead, but few realized how grave they would be until on the following day our financial Rock of Gibraltar, Jay Cooke & Company, failed.

The news was not believed at first. The firm of Jay Cooke had won an international reputation for its part in financing the Civil War, when it was popularly believed to be almost as sound as the Treasury itself. The imposing form and flowing beard of the great financier whose name it bore were known to everyone. As banker for the Northern Pacific Railroad his house had created a confidence in the securities of that enterprise that probably no other institution could have created. Its advertising in family and religious periodicals had recruited an army of small investors.



Tramps, evicted from public parks, often turned up in strange hiding places

Perhaps the second most widely known bankers in America were Fisk & Hatch, war-time financiers, now backing the Chesapeake & Ohio. Twenty-four hours after the failure of Jay Cooke they suspended. This was Friday, September 19th. The panic began. Runs on banks started. A rush to sell securities drove such staples of the stock list as Western Union from 89 to 54 and New York Central from 104 to 89. On the following morning lines of depositors stood before almost every bank in New York. The Union Trust Company (a Vanderbilt institution), the National Trust Company and the Bank of the Commonwealth failed to open. The Stock Exchange opened amid chaos, with prices twenty-five percent under Friday's closing. Bonds were practically unsaleable. Thirty-five brokers stood up on the floor and announced their inability to meet their obligations. At 10:30 there was no buyer or bid for any security on the list. The governing committee hastily met and closed the Exchange. The Clearing House Association voted to issue ten million dollars in clearing house certificates in lieu of currency to protect the other banks.

The panic was now nation-wide. In Chicago, richest in currency of all the cities because of the Western movement of crop money, five banks suspended. President Grant took a train to

On Tuesday Henry Clews & Company failed. On Wednesday New York banks quit cashing any but small checks. Others were certified as good through the clearing house. On Thursday Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans and Chicago followed suit. Small banks were failing or suspending everywhere, each as important to its own locality as the great New York houses were to the nation. But on September 30th the Stock Exchange resumed. The ten-day suspension had been a good thing. The first force of hysteria had spent itself and things began to level off. During October many banks reopened and the premium on currency vanished. The money panic was over and King Greenback resumed his throne.

But something worse than a money panic, which may be quite superficial, affecting not values but merely the yardstick of values, was upon us. Factories were laying off hands, production being curtailed. Railroad building had practically stopped with a jolt. The populous construction gangs demobilized to seek work elsewhere, and to seek in vain. Sprague & Company, manufacturers, of Providence, failed for \$13,000,000. H. B. Claflin of New York, the largest wholesale dry goods house in the country, made an assignment to creditors. Thus began the distress, not



Bloodshed in Baltimore. United States troops firing at their assailants during riots that accompanied the railroad strike of 1877. The illustrations on this and the preceding page are from contemporary drawings in *Harper's Weekly*

New York and all day Sunday remained in a suite at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with haggard financiers who literally fought to see him. Grant was no economist and knew it, but he could keep a cool head in any crisis. He rejected all of the proposals of the desperate men who caught at his coat lapels; and time has proved that nothing he could have done would have saved a situation that was beyond salvation.

of financiers alone, but of manufacturers and merchants, who are nearer to the bedrock of the economic scheme. By the end of the year three thousand firms, large and small, had gone under.

The country was in the grip of a depression.

What brought on this phase? The same thing that brought on the present depression, which I shall endeavor to write about in an early issue: large debts on small (Continued on page 44)

TARHEEL

By Philip Von Blon



THE first National Commander of The American Legion was a Philadelphian whose paternal ancestors were French Huguenots. In the twelve years since Franklin D'Olier was elected at Minneapolis, the Legion has chosen as its national leader men as varied in background and personality as the States from which they came.

The Commander from Washington sprang from pioneer ancestors who moved across the country in the settlement of the West; the Iowan was the son of an Irish-born banker, and the Californian's sire had come to the Golden Gate by way of Australia. The Commander from New York had not lost the character of his native Vermont mountains, and the Commander from Arkansas was born in Texas. Seven other States have contributed national leaders. Last year's National Commander was born and reared in the wheat and cattle country of Kansas.

When it elected at Detroit its National Commander for 1932, the Legion added to this gallery a new and colorful figure from the mosaic of our national character, a North Carolinian. He is Henry Leonidas Stevens, Jr., whose home of Warsaw is not far from the island where Sir Walter Raleigh founded the first English settlement in America.

Mr. Stevens at the age of thirty-five is the youngest man ever elected National Commander. When he was elected Commander of the North Carolina Department in 1925 he was only twenty-nine, the youngest Department Commander in the Legion. In an organization which prides itself on its democracy, he rose from founder and Commander of a post of 150 men in a town of two thousand to National Commander of a Legion of more than a million members.

He was twenty-one when he became a second lieutenant of the 318th Machine Gun Battalion of the 81st Division and accom-

panied his outfit overseas to fight with it through all its battles. With most of the senior class at the University of North Carolina in 1917, he left the campus at Chapel Hill for training camp. After the war he was graduated from Harvard Law School, became the law partner of his distinguished father and by his professional achievements won recognition for himself throughout his State. His career in the Legion paralleled his successful career at the bar. When he was elected National Commander he was judge of the General Court of Duplin County, widely noted for the brilliance he had shown as a trial lawyer, and marked for his rare promise of distinction to come.

Motion pictures—the talkies—and the radio serve to acquaint the nation swiftly with each new National Commander of the Legion. The country saw in Mr. Stevens the personification of the Legion itself—and an orator unsurpassed in a Legion which has many orators.

What the talking pictures and the radio could not convey is that Mr. Stevens is the product of several centuries of North Carolina history, the spokesman of a present generation of North Carolinians which, with the aid of good roads and tobacco and textile industries, is transforming its State while it holds proudly the memories of a glamorous past. To know Henry L. Stevens, Jr., it is necessary to recall something of dimly-remembered chapters of our school histories.

LUXURIOUS motor buses speed swiftly today over North Carolina's winding concrete highways. Departing from the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad out of the town of Warsaw, State Highway 24 arrives after eight smooth miles at Kenansville, the seat of Duplin County. When Theodore Roosevelt was President, just after this century began, from Warsaw to Kenans-

FROM THE ARGONNE AND NORTH CAROLINA

Henry L. Stevens, Jr., served as second lieutenant of a Machine Gun Company in the 81st Division, completed his legal education at the University of North Carolina and Harvard after the war, and was only thirty-five when he was elected National Commander. All North Carolina joined in a series of homecoming well-comings such as the one shown on the opposite page, held at Fayetteville



© BACHRACH

ville by horse and buggy was a two-hour plodding journey.

The Honorable Henry L. Stevens, lawyer and banker, leading citizen of Warsaw, drove to Kenansville in 1901 to attend the annual reunion of the United Confederate War Veterans. On the buggy seat beside him

rode his little son, the fifth of a line of North Carolina Henry Stevenses. Old warriors in their gray uniforms deeply interested the boy. A grandfather had served with Stonewall Jackson. A great great grandfather was a cavalrman with Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox of the American Revolution.

The crowd pressed thickly about the speakers' platform, flag draped, under the big trees in front of the county court house. The little boy from Warsaw climbed a slanting timber to the rail surrounding the platform. He wrapped his legs about a corner support and gazed at the man who had just begun to speak. The speaker was Charles B. Aycock, one of the greatest Governors North Carolina has ever had and possibly her greatest orator, the founder of the State's modern school system. Out of the land of everyday life the boy soared on the Governor's oratory to the realm of dreams and fancies. Governor Aycock quoted from Tennyson's "In Memoriam": "So run my dreams, but what am I?" The boy was never to forget it. Governor Aycock had become an inspiration for a lifetime.

Kenansville, ever associated with Governor Aycock, was to mean much in the life of Henry L. Stevens, Jr. No quainter town is found in the Carolinas. Century-old houses stand on a web of winding streets which converge upon the courthouse square and a spring. The streets were once the paths made by cows to their watering place. Sycamores with white trunks rise over meadows and lawns. Magnolias line the walks that lead to the white-painted, green-shuttered homes. There are holly trees, glorious in winter with red berries and green foliage, old cedars, an occasional cypress. Here life is placid, as it has been for a hundred years. And here is the home of Luther A. Beasley, the father-in-law and the law partner as well of Henry L. Stevens, Jr.

Mr. Beasley is learned and whimsical. He can quote Greek and Latin fluently. He would be mistaken for Will Rogers anywhere by anybody who had ever seen the humorist of the talkies. The leader of the bar in the county seat town, he would be a commanding figure in any metropolis (Continued on page 46)

FOR *the* MAN NEXT DOOR

FIRST RETURNS IN THE MONTHLY'S EMPLOYMENT COMPETITION SHOW VARIED PROGRAMS AND SPLENDID RESULTS

THE Monthly competition for Legion Posts' plans to solve the twin problem of unemployment and relief, has brought a flood of entries, many of them ineligible to the competition because not certified as official. As explained fully in the December and January issues of this magazine, all plans submitted must bear the attest of the Post Commander and Post Adjutant. Rules in the competition, which will continue until further notice, with a bronze sculpture designed by Robert Aitken going to the winning post, are given on page 56.

First of the entries are presented herewith. No significance is to be attached to the order in which they are given. It is fully understood that additional data may be presented by the posts whose contributions are noted below, and that due notice will be given whenever it is decided that a time limit is to be set on reports of progress. It is not too late for a post to enter the competition. Don't make your report longer than three hundred words.

CASTLE POST *Chicago, Illinois*

HERE is our plan: 1. Organize a "Buddy Boosters" Club in every town, composed of all housewives and others, to collect and save old magazines and newspapers. Every one can join—"A Million Members by February 1, 1932."

2. The magazines and papers are collected by ex-service men.
3. The community to be divided into districts which can be conveniently covered by ex-service men.
4. There would be a collecting depot centrally located in every town or several in the larger cities.
5. This paper would be tied in bundles or placed in bags to be sold or shipped to paper dealers who will pay *real* money for this paper.
6. Payment to be made to the ex-service men for the paper immediately on delivery of the paper to the "Buddy Booster" headquarters from post funds which would be reimbursed by sale of paper to dealers.
7. Publicity to be secured through local papers, radio, churches, clubs, etc.

This plan will work everywhere. We are already on our way!

ORLIFF R. GILBERT POST *Hinton, Oklahoma*

HINTON is a city of 1,000 population in western Oklahoma and it is purely an agricultural community. Like all communities of its kind its farmers are needing help. There wasn't any organized charity here so the post took the first step to form one. A vacant building in the heart of town was turned over to the Community Chest by its owner to serve as headquarters. Another merchant gave a stove, and a dealer gave coal. By advertising and local announcements at the different churches the Boy Scouts were brought into the work. They went to the homes

and got the bundles prepared for the Chest. To this the community responded very generously.

The articles were sorted and classified, with the help of a group of women, and after investigation had determined where there was need, the clothing and food was furnished, or a job secured. The Chamber of Commerce agreed to match the charity fund dollar for dollar and to give more if necessary.

The post's service officer sends out people to fill jobs as needed, and the money that comes from the work goes into the charity fund, the worker being taken care of with food, clothing and other necessities.

Several farmers wished the wood cut on their farms and we sent out men to cut the wood in pole form. It was then hauled into town and we had a wood pile for the floaters to work on. A needy buddy is paid in fuel or groceries to take charge of these working parties and see that a reasonable day's work is done.

We have at Hinton a fair park and the drought had killed several trees. On the city's authority we are having the trees dug up and cut, fences repaired and trees trimmed. The school children are going to set out new trees.

In this plan we have the support of the entire community.

CHARLES R. ROWAN POST *Altoona, Pennsylvania*

WE PRESENT the Charles R. Rowan Post employment plan.

Create an unemployment fund and when this fund is available have a committee of four including the Commander, the Chaplain, the immediate Past Commander and the Post Service Officer expend the fund in the following manner:

Create work and then buy jobs. It is possible to buy what otherwise cannot be secured. Go to all types of civic buildings, institutions, churches, Y.M.C.A.'s, your own Legion post, hospitals, Y.W.C.A.'s and say to whoever is in charge: "We have men in need of work, allow us to paint your hospital, clean the basement, do your necessary plumbing work, etc., and we will furnish the required men if you furnish the necessary materials. We will clean your interiors, basements, pews, floors, beautify schools, playgrounds, entrances to civic parks. Allow us to repair and build new roads. *We, the Legion Post, will pay for the work the men will do at the rate of eight hours' work per day at a \$2.50 wage.*"

All that is required of the recipient is a receipt for the work done on each job, a receipt that is proof of faith, of money properly expended and a record for the Legion's permanent files. Pay each man by check; men who know they are working for pay or even the necessities of life do not feel like charity subjects.

We of the Charles R. Rowan Post met with many rebuffs when we first inaugurated this plan, but in a short while the news traveled, requests for men were plentiful and the available men were soon absorbed. Our number of men used was necessarily large because we gave work to every man, service man or non-service. Preference was given to family men, the larger the family the more days' work. We raised our fund by benefit athletic



PHOTOGRAPH BY DE WITT WARD

contests, theatrical productions, and a dinner given by the Auxiliary unit—the women being of particular aid in our effort.

HAMILTON POST
Hamilton, Texas

THE following is a plan for unemployment which we used very successfully here the early part of 1931 and are putting to work again now in the hope that it will work as well or even better.

We solicited the business men of the town for a sum of money and guaranteed them labor in return for this money, at the rate of twenty-five cents per hour. (Think we will set this at twenty cents per hour this winter.) Then we have all the unemployed who are interested, or who need work, register with the central bureau and they can then work for some man and receive the money from the bureau.

For instance, a business man will donate ten dollars. He is then entitled to forty hours of labor. He may then inform the bureau that he wants some work done around his home and they send an unemployed man or men to do the work.

Probably he will have ten hours' work and the man will receive \$2.50. It may be a month or more before the business man will need another ten or twenty hours' work and he can continue this until he has taken up his entire ten dollars.

We operated this plan without any cost and found it very successful. It created a lot of work that would not have been done. It gave the donor value received, in labor, for his money,

Robert Aitken at work on the model of the sculpture which is to be awarded in The American Legion Monthly's competition, to the Legion post which provides the most workable plan for community employment and relief. The plaster cast from which the Gorham Company of Providence, Rhode Island, will make the bronze sculpture will be made by Alexander J. Ettl, whose services, like those of Legionnaire Aitken and the Gorham Company, are contributed to the cause of Legion unemployment relief

and it gave the unemployed man a chance to earn what he got instead of accepting charity.

WILLIAM T. MCCOY POST
Rochester, Minnesota

OUR post and Auxiliary unit are doing it through some dozen committees. Nobody is on salary. First to function was the housing committee. A large residence centrally located was given, and with the help of unemployed workers of various sorts as well as 40 & 8ers and Auxiliaries it was put in shape to serve as headquarters, workshop and distributing center.

Our 40 & 8 voiture offered to take over the food committee. They went to hotels, restaurants, bakeries, cafeterias and canning factory, and arranged to have all surplus food saved and in turn arranged to have Boy Scouts collect this food and deliver to Welfare House. Hotels and restaurants agreed to make mulligan stew of surplus meats and vegetables and place same in large milk cans. Needy families then were asked to call once a day and get food. Transportation Committee arranged for collection of clothing, furniture and food. A friend gave the funds committee three acres of wood about ten miles in the country. Seventy men cut wood and seventeen trucks hauled forty cords to town.

The Publix Theater people allowed us to sell tickets for its special relief show. We sold \$1600 worth. All this money is being spent for food and clothing. We have requisitioned clothing from the Adjutant General under the new (Continued on page 50)



The MASTER

CHAPTER NINE

The Army Moves and Colonel Cabot Feels
the "War Tide"

A Novel of the Days
By Irving

ON THE first of April Colin returned to the big house in Cambridge. Major General Charles Lee was with Washington, talking loudly as he was wont to do. A self made military hero with a title from Congress Lee was a tousled, shabby-looking Englishman of high pretension and bad manners. Three or four dogs were always at the heels of his horse. The resounding promises of this European cast-off, made with a thumping fist, his impassioned review of his own career in Portugal and Poland, his claim that it had won the friendship of Frederick the Great, had naturally impressed the Sim Bottses in Congress. He dealt in their kind of talk. They knew that he must be a great man. They listened and crowned him with the highest honor in their gift and sent him to Washington. His rank gave him some excuse for talking loudly. He was sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

General Washington was at the head of the long caravan which in a few days set out for New York. Colin and Lady Washington were in a coach and four guarded by Captain Farnsworth and his troop. Ahead, the hills shone with the weapons glistening in the sunlight. Everywhere in the line the suck of mud, the splash of black water, the shouts of waggoners, the sound of iron tires slamming over rocks! It was a slow, toilsome journey with many halts. The roads, rough at best, thawed by rain were here and there a mire of mud. Colin, the Lady Washington and three of her maids were tossed and shaken like dice in a box. Riding a coach became a contest of endurance. Conversation was limited to exclamations. As the day wore on the young man discovered in the good woman of Virginia an unsuspected capacity for self-expression. He wrote to a friend that her opinion of New England was distinctly unfavorable.



of CHAOS

of Washington Bacheller

One incident of the journey throws a light on the human quality of the Commander-in-Chief. He was a splendid figure sitting on his white charger at the head of the troops. As they were passing through a large town, with bands playing in the line and the crowd cheering on either side of the way, he saw a little girl run out in front of his horse and march along with a small banner trailing from her shoulder. The child amused him and he ordered a halt while a man, obeying his request, put her on the saddle in front of the general. She rode with him to the tavern, where the staff had their dinner and the men broke ranks for rest and refreshment. A trooper rode back with the child to find her parents.

The army arrived in New York on the 14th of April. Much of the baggage and all sick and foot-sore men had been shipped by boat from points along the shore road. The force had been

Everywhere in the line the suck of mud, the splash of black water, the shouts of waggoners, the sound of iron tires slamming over the rocks!

weakened by detachments sent to Canada. The stores were low and there was great need of tents and clothing. Two thousand of the men in line were without arms.

The first act of General Washington was a requisition on New York, Connecticut and New Jersey for thirteen thousand, five hundred militia. They came pouring in by the thousand—strong, patriotic men of little training and no experience in the bloody give and take of battle. The main body went into camp on York and Governors Islands.

Strong detachments under Generals Putnam and Sullivan were posted on a fortified line in Brooklyn from East River to Gowanus Cove behind a range of wooded hills. A line of defence was established from New Rochelle to East Westchester.

Colin Cabot's regiment was encamped near "The Tea Water Pump" above the northern limit of the town. Put to the task of securing lead, they overturned the statue of King George the Third on the Battery, in which they found a large quantity of the desired metal. They took more from the roofs of many profane friends of the king, New York being a hot-bed of loyalists. The training of the raw recruits began in May. There was little time



for this task, so absolutely necessary.

Colin was engaged with squads of militia when he was summoned to report at General Headquarters. There had been secret advice of a loyalist plot to kidnap the Commander-in-Chief. For a time the sturdy young man was put to work at General Headquarters, then in the City Tavern. A strong guard of picked men was soon on duty in and

around the tavern. Captain Farnsworth and some of his best troopers surrounded the Chief when he traveled.

Such, briefly, was the posture of things on and around York Island before the British arrived.

The day after Colin began his work at headquarters many of the best people on the island came to drink tea with General and Mrs. Washington. At this function the young man was introduced to a crowd of ladies and gentlemen whose names he could not remember. The next day he received a polite letter from the Baroness von Riedesel, who lived in the fashionable section of Pearl Street, inviting him to supper at eight o'clock on a near date. He showed this to the Commander-in-Chief, who said:

"I WONDER a little at this. Her husband is an officer in the British army. She is a leader of the Royalist women in this Tryonized city. She is rich, respected and influential. She has eaten the king's salt. I think that I would accept the invitation. It might lead to others and—well, a man of your insight and understanding would learn something. It is a phase of life in America of which you know little."

The baroness—a handsome woman about forty years of age, richly gowned—sat waiting for him in a parlor. She received the young man graciously, saying:

"You are kind to come to our little supper party. There will be three of us and one whom I think you will be surprised and pleased to meet again."

"Madame, you are generous," said Colin with a smile. "You honor me with an invitation to your home and you add to it the delight of a mystery."

"Forgive me if I hold you in suspense a moment. I am sure that there is one whom, above all others, you would love to meet."

A vision of Pat came into his mind. He answered: "Oh, yes, madame! My curiosity is so piqued that more delay would be cruel."

"You ardent lover! I would not afflict you with vertigo," said the lady as she drew a velvet portière behind which Nancy Woodbridge had been concealed. In a fraction of a second the young man saw the greater part of the background of this singular situation. Nancy stood smiling, in a gown of blue silk cunningly fashioned to display her charms. A lovely chain of old wrought gold hung from her neck. There was enchantment in the look of her. He could not help feeling it. The gallant young colonel had to play his part. Nancy tripped toward him, saying:

"You dear old thing! I do not wonder that you are paralyzed."

She came offering her red lips to him. He embraced and kissed her. Standing close against him and looking into his eyes, she put the loop of gold around his neck.

"Let me look at this wonderful chain," he said as he ungyved himself. "It is most becoming. I could almost believe that your beautiful hair was woven into it."

Lady Howe, wife of the British admiral, entered the room and Colin was presented to her.

The butler announced that supper was served. The young colonel gave his arm to the hostess and sat between her and Nancy at the small table in a dining room fashioned for generous hospitality. Old Madeira was poured. Their hostess lifted her glass to Colin, saying: "I hope to see you often at my table. My niece will spend the summer with me."

"Your niece!"

"Did you not know that Nancy's mother is my sister?"

"I did not know it and I hasten to congratulate both of you."

He drank the toast but after that was discreet with the wine for fear of losing his balance.

As the supper ended the baroness said, "You young ones may

now go away and leave us. Nancy will be able to find an Elysium to your liking. We old women must be content with the mild dissipation of wine and tobacco."

There was a note of mystery in all this only partly penetrated by the shrewd intelligence of the young man. He left the room with no lack of confidence in himself. He was mystified at finding Nancy here among the friends of the king. What would she say now? He would not have been human if the apparent devotion of this passionate pilgrim had not pleased and flattered him. They sat together in a remote room on a sofa. He looked first at the crystal candelabra, the carved oak, the tapestry, the hangings, the illumined picture of a nude woman on the wall before them. There was nothing like this grandeur in the houses of Boston. He looked at the shapely form and beautiful head and neck and shoulders at his side. But he held Pat in his mind.

"Have you kept my little scrimshaw?" she asked.

"Yes, I thought that I would put your superstition to the test and see what came of it."

"Well, I hope it may convince you soon or late. Keep it and see what happens. I shall never cease to be grateful to it."

"Did it lead you to the one man?"

"To the man I love as I can love no other. When I think of him I forget father and mother and friend."

She looked down at her pretty foot and there was a note of sadness in her tone as she asked:

"Have you not seen Pat?"

"No. And I fear that I may never see her again."

"Too bad! War is cruel. The chances now are all in favor of Harry Gage. He is terribly good looking."

"I agree to that."

"I only wish that you could be as happy as I am. I shall be married soon."

Colin was mystified. She was now making no appeal to the baser part of him. There was a captivating note of sincerity in her face and words.

"Who is the lucky man?" he asked.

"Let me keep my secret a little longer. You see, I want him to love me as I love him. I am always thinking of him. He does not yet know that my husband will be a British peer if he cares to. My aunt has promised that and she is a friend of the king. I think that it would be a help to him."

"And you are an American!" he exclaimed.

"THAT would not stop my thinking of his welfare. This stupid war cannot last forever. I am young. You are a man and you know men. Tell me what I can do to please him."

"I could teach you Greek or mathematics—perhaps—but not the art of pleasing men. I might as well try to tell Mr. Patrick Henry how to make a speech. You know all men are alike."

His amusement showed in a half-smothered laugh. Still serious, she answered:

"But I have learned that he is not like any other man. He stands alone. I could be happy with him in a cottage. I am going to show you some wonderful pictures."

She arose and brought a beautifully bound and illustrated volume of Rabelais and opened it as she sat close beside him.

"What a play girl you are!" he laughed.

"But not so bad as you may think me."

She was interrupted by a rap at the door. Colin arose and opened it. The butler stood before them saying:

"A messenger is in the hall, sir, to see Colonel Cabot. He says that his business is urgent, sir."

Colin went out to the front door, where he found Colonel Tilghman, an aide of the Commander-in-Chief, who said:

"General Washington wishes you to report immediately at his office."

The young man returned to Nancy, saying: "I am summoned to headquarters. Please give my thanks and compliments to your charming aunt."

"Must you go?"

"At once. It is urgent."





In a handsome uniform of buff and blue and white, the great Captain of the army stood calm and motionless—a living statue, looking down at the troops

"Oh that little old woman!" the girl exclaimed, as she stamped her foot impatiently. "Does she know that I am here?"

"No one at General Headquarters knows of your being here."

She followed him to the door saying: "Don't tell them, *please*. Let it be one of our secrets. You will come back to me soon. I am sure of that."

"They may send me away," he answered, not wishing to commit himself.

"Then I shall try to find you."

Again she offered her lips. He kissed her and they parted.

"Red! Red! Even the darkness is red!" he exclaimed in a whisper as he walked northward.

He congratulated himself on the timely interruption of the proceedings under the roof of the baroness. The spell of Nancy's weaving had been broken. He would keep away from her.

The Lady Washington sat with her knitting in a corner of the lobby in the company of two staff wives. She was looking for the young man, in whom she felt a deep, motherly interest. Her shrewd intuitions had told her that something was amiss. Familiar with all the gossip of the ladies in Cambridge, she had learned that Nancy was a niece of the baroness. She went to the young man and led him aside.

"Dear boy! I was uneasy," she said. "The general told me. You know that we women have a nose for danger. I took it on myself to send for you. If I am too superstitious, forgive me."

"My dear, second mother, you are always right and I thank you. Pardon me if I say no more."

"It is now half after ten. Go you directly to bed. Tomorrow will be a busy day."

As soon as Colin had finished his breakfast in the morning, Billy came into the office and said that Mrs. Bowlby had called to see him. He found her in the lobby. They sat down together. She and her husband had come with General Schuyler by boat from Albany.

She said to him: "The ride down gave me a chance to be with my husband. But that is not my only reason for coming. I have something to tell you."

"Well, if you have something to tell me, I am sure that it will be worth hearing."

She told him of the letter signed "Nancy" which came on the riderless horse and of her reason for reading it. She had a vivid memory of its contents and quoted it almost word for word.

"I saw or thought I could see the motive behind the letter and it worried me. I have been sorry that I did not burn it."

She had seen the frown gathering on his brow and the changing color of face.

"So it went on," he whispered.

"Yes, it went on the next day. She may have read it by now."

"Could you get a letter into Canada for me?"

"If necessary, I will take it myself."

"When do you go north?"



"The boat sails tomorrow morning at seven."

"Good! I will give you the letter and some money tonight at eight o'clock."

In his letter he told the whole truth of his meeting with Nancy, of the dinner, the wine and the diversions that followed them in the celebration at Cambridge. He told of Nancy's letter and of how his knowledge of its contents had come to him.

"I am human," he wrote, "and the girl is a most bewitching creature. I cannot claim to be a saint. I am of the common clay, and you will have to take me on that level if at all. Always I have thought myself unworthy of you but I swear that I love you as I could love no other nor would I, in my right mind, enjoy with any other the ultimate intimacies."

"As to Nancy's motive in these actions of hers, we can only guess and your guess may be as wrong as mine. Even extreme provocation cannot make me forget the restraint with which a gentleman should speak of a lady. Let us credit her with intentions looking to your welfare. It is a world of change and perhaps your heart has changed. If not, wait for me and be sure that I am waiting for you. I have made a sacred promise and I will not lay my honor in the dust."

General Washington, out of his own pocket, had lately paid Colin his salary three months overdue. That night he put the letter in Mrs. Bowlby's hand with a ten pound note.

"I shall go with it myself," said Mrs. Bowlby. "I want to see that girl. I may find her in Montreal or Quebec."

Within a week, on a May day, Mrs. Bowlby set out from

Skenesborough for an arm of the lake with a pack and a light canoe on her Amazonian shoulders.

CHAPTER X

The Birth of a Giant

PROBABLY because of certain of the events above recorded, young Colonel Cabot was immediately sent to Philadelphia with messages to Congress and a letter to Mrs. Adams from Mrs. Washington. There he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams. At a dinner in their house he spoke with rare discretion, knowledge and eloquence of the character of the Commander-in-Chief and the condition of the army. It was his familiarity with the spirit of the men in line which convinced Mr. Adams that the young man could render a service in Philadelphia. This leader in Congress advised the Chief by post and detained the colonel.

So it came about that Colin Cabot heard Liberty lift her voice in a courageous declaration of human rights. He heard the resolution of Richard Henry Lee and the noisy contention that followed it. He saw the hunger in the spirit of America defying the gallows and the firing squads.

It seemed as if the right hand of God were shaking the world. That day the colonies broke from their moorings. For more than a hundred years of peace and prayer and plenty the soul of a people had been meditating. In this deep had been the throbbing foetus of an aspiration. A nation of a new faith was born. The prophets! Were they now among the living?



These thoughts were in the mind of Colin Cabot as he witnessed the wild enthusiasm in the hall and the streets of the town while the great bell in the tower was ringing.

He came out of the hall with Mr. Adams, who said to him: "Now we are committed and the gates of hell cannot prevail against us."

The young man was pleased with the thought that in this accomplishment he had exerted an influence sufficient to convict him of treason if captured.

He set out for New York the next day to take the good news to the Chief.

General Washington read the report from Mr. Adams with deep interest. Solemnly but calmly he listened to Colin's account of the proceedings in Congress. He said with a smile: "My boy, this news is welcome and I am much pleased that Mr. and Mrs. Adams have a good opinion of you. We have now to resolve to conquer or die, relying on the goodness of our cause and the Supreme Being."

Mrs. Washington gave him a hearty welcome and invited him to her apartment. Like a mother she fondly embraced and kissed him, saying: "Dear boy! I am proud of you. Nancy came to see me. She is very humble. I think better of her. Poor child! I was her mother confessor. If I had been Abigail Adams, I can imagine what would have been said to her."

Here she took up her knitting and laughed as she adjusted her needles. "I am not such a straight-laced Puritan. I pitied the

Washington was the last to cross the East River, with some wounded, at daylight. The Chief sat in silence looking grave and weary

girl. Men and women are as they are and none of us are any too perfect. Have you had no word from Pat?"

"None."

"Well, she is very far away and I suppose it's impossible for letters to come through." She went on with a sigh, "We don't know what may happen."

There was a moment of solemn silence in which it occurred to Colin that Nancy was, indeed, on a better footing with Her Ladyship. She pulled her yarn and started on a new layer of stitches.

"Tell me about Mrs. Adams's parties."

He gave her a vivid account of the guests, the servants, the silver and the table cloths and shortly went to his tasks.

He was at work in the office at headquarters until the ninth of July, when the army assembled for review and cannon were fired and Colin read the Declaration of Independence to the troops and told of its birth in Philadelphia. Then a shouting and a roaring of cannon that shook the skies. More than fifteen thousand men joined in an outcry like the breaking in of many waters while caps flew upward and tears were streaming from their eyes. In the enthusiasm of these men and in their faces was a prophecy of things lying deep in future years.

Mrs. Washington and Nancy stood near Colin Cabot, their handkerchiefs at their eyes. The Lady came to his side and pressed his hand.

"It was well done, my boy. Poor (Continued on page 63)

CLANG

Went the Bank Doors

And Three Thousand School Children Mourned for Their Long-Saved Pennies—Then, Unexpectedly, the Pennies Came Back.

THE proposal for a moratorium on World War debts owed by foreign nations caused not a tremor in Vineland, New Jersey, but when one of the town's banks failed it was an economic earthquake to three thousand boys and girls in Vineland's schools. Gone, apparently, were the savings of yesterday. The pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters which had been built into dollars by self denial were dollars no longer. All that was left were the little bank books, with the deposit entries in black and the red-inked entries for interest which once had seemed to show how fast money will grow when properly cared for.

The bank books were only bitter souvenirs. How much candy the vanished money would have bought! And if Johnny had only bought that new bicycle, instead of putting it out of his mind when he reckoned that the newspapers he was delivering would some day help keep him in college! Well, it is a funny world, after all. Santa Claus, of course, isn't a real chap. But faith and confidence are very necessary in our everyday relations, and if things that everyone thinks are secure really aren't secure, what then? Three thousand puzzled minds were growing cynical as well as unhappy. The total deposits of the school children were \$37,606.

Legionnaire Evan Ewan Kimble, president of the Kimble Glass Company and president of the Tradesman's Bank of Vineland, knew just how all the boys and girls felt. It was not his bank that had failed but a rival institution. Two men had been sent to the penitentiary, but that didn't help the children.

"Someone ought to pay these children back, penny for penny, for their loss," Mr. Kimble told one of his own directors. The

director believed the president was merely expressing a generality, the thought that "a group of us ought to take the matter under consideration." But that wasn't what Mr. Kimble had in mind.

A few days later, Mr. Kimble informed his associates that he would take over every one of the three thousand accounts of the school children and would pay each boy and girl depositor in full. He started for Florida then, leaving instructions that the payments should be made while he was away. It might have happened that way if Mr. Kimble hadn't been seriously injured in an automobile accident.

Hospital attendants were touched to hear him say to his wife in a brief moment of consciousness: "No matter what happens to me, you must see that all the children are paid in full."

So Mr. Kimble came back to Vineland sooner than he had intended, and he arrived home as the payments were being made to the boys and girls. He was present as the children filed by a desk and received the amounts that had been theirs.

Recompense enough would have been the letter received from one of the girls, written while he was still in the hospital recovering from the injuries he had suffered in the automobile accident. But there were other letters, one from each boy and girl who had been paid, all of them bound in volumes by the school children themselves. These and the appreciation of Vineland Post of The American Legion, Mr. Kimble's own post, were his reward.

Get-Together Post

BESIDE the Yellowstone Trail ten miles east of Kellogg and two miles west of Wallace, the latter the trading center for a large mining district, stands the \$50,000 Veterans Memorial Building of Shoshone County, Idaho. No ordinary center is this, for it is jointly the home of Gus Zoellner Post of

First in the joy line as Legionnaire Evan Kimble of Vineland (New Jersey) Post personally handed to three thousand school children checks for the sums they had lost when a bank failed

The American Legion and Wallace Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The two outfits get along together mighty well, reports Alfon S. Berg, last year's Com-





Legionnaires of Hanford (California) Post established this community woodpile to keep out of their town hoboes who were imposing on citizens by impersonating temporarily unemployed workers. Hanford was given the detour sign in the hieroglyphics of Weary Willies thereafter

mander of the Legion post. Many men belong to both outfits and Wednesday evenings are regularly reserved for post and social activities of the two organizations. Saturday night dances open to the public attract guests from many surrounding towns.

The building originally was a county isolation hospital, built in 1913 at an expense of \$38,000. In remodeling it \$12,000 was spent, and the county commissioners appropriate \$2,400 annually for maintenance.

Life Saving

AMERICAN Legion posts by the score, complying with the recommendations of national conventions, have painted the names of their towns in huge letters on building tops for the guidance of aviators, but lest any post in an unmarked town consider that the job of painting an air label is not worth the effort, here is a report from Edward T. Dion, Adjutant of Ernest Godreau Post of Moosup, Connecticut.

"We didn't have much idea that our sign on top of the gas tank would be the means of saving jeopardized lives," writes Mr. Dion, "but we felt very good when the mayor of our town got a letter the other day from Edmund T. Price, president of the Solar Aircraft Company of San Diego, California. Mr. Price wrote: 'During our recent flying trip in the East, we became hopelessly lost in the western part of Rhode Island where landmarks are few. With darkness due in half an hour it became important to land quickly. We finally located ourselves on the map by the air marking of your town. It is possible that some public-spirited group prevented a serious accident and I hope you will express our appreciation to the proper parties.'"

The Helping Hand

TEXAS, California, Oregon and Virginia give to the world the latest examples of the Legion's helping hand extended to the

families of disabled service men. George E. Hughes, Assistant Adjutant of the Department of Texas, sends word that the department, with the aid of its Auxiliary and Forty and Eight, recently opened The American Legion Child Health Center at Veterans Bureau Hospital in Legion, Texas. The building and ground cost \$14,000 and many posts and units gave expensive equipment in addition to cash contributions, despite the hard times which have affected most of the communities in which the posts have their homes. The department has appropriated \$2,400 a year for a child welfare worker and public health nurse who will look after children whose fathers are patients in the hospital. The department also maintains a service officer to assist all patients.

Seven Legion posts of the Imperial Valley of California have established a health and recreation camp in the mountains west

of the valley, to care for a hundred or more undernourished boys and girls each season. Forty and Eight voitures took the initiative in starting the camp and supervise it, according to M. M. McIntyre of Imperial. A charge of \$25 a month is made for each child whose parents are able to pay, but many children are accepted without payment.

Tillamook (Oregon) Post is proud of the billet which it has established at Ocean Side, on the Pacific Ocean, ten miles from its home town. Disabled men and

their families are able to live at little cost in the four cottage-apartments maintained by the post. Tillamook is on Roosevelt Highway 110 miles from Portland, and the post expects to entertain many Legionnaire motorists who drive to the Legion's national convention next September.

When Dr. Junius F. Lynch, Past Commander of the Virginia Department, presented to Tidewater Post of Norfolk a ten-room house on the shore of Willoughby Bay to serve as the post's clubhouse, he also launched an enterprise which will provide soon ten other seaside cottage homes for disabled men and their families. The clubhouse, named "Lynch Anchorage" in honor of the donor, looks over one of the most historic bits of water on



the American coast. It was at Cape Henry, a few miles distant, that the first colonists landed for the settlement of Jamestown in 1607. The battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* was fought within sight of the house. The post expects to spend from \$1,500 to \$2,000 for each of the ten cottages which will adjoin the clubhouse. The bathing beach is one of the best of the region.

For Mental Health

POSTS everywhere have conducted clinics of one sort and another, but Victor Candlin Post of Greeley, Colorado, believes that it has made a new contribution to the history of American Legion community service by sponsoring the Weld County Mental Hygiene Clinic. Originally, reports Ben Naffziger, Past Post Commander, the clinic was for the guidance of children, but its scope was enlarged to include adults after several years of operation. Fifteen or more clinics are held each year, and as many as twenty-five patients have been assisted at a single meeting.

Patients are referred to the clinic by teachers, nurses, social workers, physicians, parents, probation officers and neighbors and relatives. Most of them are school children suffering handicaps capable of correction, such as extreme nervousness, speech defects, marked overweight, tendency to start fires, stealing and other marked lawless traits. Surprising transformations have been made in children by correcting faulty environment and habits and physical defects. The success in helping children led to the opening of the clinic to adults. Early detection of mental disorders has enabled the clinic workers to restore many of the older patients to complete mental health, while others have been given help to enable them to continue with their usual occupations. "We believe every town should have an agency such as ours," Mr. Naffziger declares.

Citizen Police

THE bodies of two boys and two girls who had been slain were found in an automobile near Ypsilanti, Michigan, last August. Every American Legion post in Washtenaw County mobilized to help hunt for the murderers. The killers were arrested within forty-eight hours. Legionnaires mingled with an enraged crowd which surrounded the jail and by example and argument helped prevent a lynching. Two days later the murderers were in State Prison, sentenced to life terms.



In the lake country which is the heart of Florida, Mount Dora Post erected this community shrine as a memorial to the men of its town who gave their lives in the World War

Out of this episode, reports Legionnaire Philip C. Pack, came a new county organization, more than ninety percent of its members Legionnaires, available quickly to reinforce the sheriff and the police departments of the towns in Washtenaw County. The plan, Mr. Pack believes, is eminently suitable for adoption by Legion posts everywhere. In principle it follows the plan of American Legion emergency relief units, already organized in every State.

Five companies of twenty-nine men each have been organized into a battalion of Veterans Military Police. The companies are located in different towns. The battalion and each company are organized as military units. Rifles and ammunition have been obtained through the National Rifle Association.

Under the battalion's Plans and Training Officer, a highway control map has been made. On this map are shown the station of each man and his residence and place of business. Within twenty minutes after a call by the sheriff, the Washtenaw County battalion can stop all traffic leading out of the county with pickets of two men each.

"The organization should not be compared with vigilantes," comments Mr. Pack. "It does no snooping. Its members, while all deputy sheriffs, do no free lance work of any sort."

Depression Proof

THE \$125,000 community amusement center which Lenox Hotard Post is building at Houma, Louisiana, is bound to be finished some day. A tropical hurricane couldn't stop it. A bank failure couldn't stop it. And the post is still on the job. The job began when the city fathers gave to the post a tract of land which had been

used for parish fairs. On this land, part high and dry and part just above river level and subject to flood, stood one building, which had been used for poultry exhibitions.

The poultry building was transformed by the post into a dancing pavilion, and the dances were so well conducted that crowds and revenue grew marvelously—so marvelously that the post began to build another structure, a modern concrete grandstand. When this was partly finished, a tropical storm wrecked it. But the post collected insurance and kept on building. Then a bank failed. The post had to raise again the funds it had deposited, but it wasn't discouraged.

Government dredges were deepening a nearby waterway. The post let Uncle Sam spread the mud upon its low land, raising it a full yard. Then with the assistance of (Continued on page 62)

A Flashback to the Daze of '17
By Wallgren

By Wallgren



TENERE *la* DESTRA

AMERICANS Piloting A Ambulances in the Italian Alps Soon Learned That This Phrase Means “Keep to the Right”

BEAUCOUP months ago, there appeared in these columns a contribution from L. Milton Ronsheim of Cadiz, Ohio, telling of his service with the 332d Infantry, the only American regiment of infantry to serve in Italy during the war. Ronsheim's account brought an equally interesting story from Past Commander C. D. Clearwater of Pacific Palisades, California, which we are just now getting an opportunity to pass on to the readers. While we think Clearwater's statement that “this is the first time my eye has ever caught any reference to those of the A. E. F. who were dumped at the foot of the Italian Alps in the summer of 1918 and left there to enjoy the war in their own peculiar manner,” although he had read the official publication of the Legion assiduously since the first issues, is somewhat exaggerated, we very gladly let him continue his story:

“I use the phrase, ‘enjoy the war,’ advisedly. There were several hundred of us—of the U. S. Army Ambulance Service—who piloted our G. M. C. ambulances up and down the military emergency roads to the summits of the peaks, from ‘teleferica’ station to field hospital, from field hospital to evacuation hospital, for days and even weeks at a time without ever seeing another American soldier except the man who rode with us as alternate driver. Nice life it was being assigned to work with an Italian ‘Sexione Sanita’ when all you knew of the language was ‘Tenere la destra’ or ‘Cinque barrelatti.’

“Sleeping in rock-hewn dugouts—‘caverni antigas,’ they called them—messing with the Italian drivers on horse-meat, rice, black bread and ‘vino rosso,’ tearing like mad down those mountain roads with a load of wounded with the cry of ‘Piano, piano!’ emerging from within the car at every hole in the road, easing your way up a slippery shelf-like roadway in pitch dark on a cloudy moonless night, arguing with the ‘Tentiente’ at the hospital as to whether you would keep your regular U. S. blankets or take wop blankets in exchange. All this and much more—if space permitted—might be recounted of the experiences of each of the men in the various American Ambulance Sections scattered along the Italian front.

“I remember the first time any of us ran across—figuratively speaking—the 332d Infantry. It was at Villafranca while Section 565, of which I was a member, was on its way to the front from



Genoa—where we had landed on June 29, 1918—after having worked for a month assembling the G. M. C.'s we later used in our work on the line. As I remember it now they were equipped with overseas caps while we still were wearing the old issue campaign hats. I guess they thought we were boy scouts from the line they handed out. In fact we were a pretty young outfit, most of the boys having enlisted in Los Angeles from the classes of Pasadena High School. But in point of time, we were old-timers in the war, our enlistments nearly all dating from May, 1917.

“Souvenir hounds? I don't suppose you ever heard the one about ‘Putzo’ Herrick tying a young Austrian cannon to the rear of his ambulance and attempting to haul it back to the section base at One di Fonte. He was almost home when a ‘barabiniero’—one of those boys with the winged hats—stopped and caused him to desist.

“Ronsheim's remarks about a comrade who toured France on a B. P. O. E. receipt card, doubling as an official railroad pass, reminds me of Johnnie Schiff's adventure down the ‘boot’ of Italy and return on a Wrigley chewing-gum wrapper. Sounds extreme—but ask anyone who knows Johnnie or knew him then.

“I wonder whether there are any ex-members of the Oberlin College unit who will remember the football game they played against the high-school boys of Section 565 at Castelo di Godego? In that battle I received my only wound of the war, and I carry it yet just above the right eye. We played that game with hob-nailed shoes and regulation uniforms—army, not football.

“Some of us may sigh for another day like that of January 1, 1919, when we entertained the American nurses from the Base Hospital in Vicenza at our country quarters in Fonte—but not many. For most of us are now married and have a duo or trio of little Legionnaires out on the back lawn.”

HERE'S an interesting situation—the first of its kind we can recall since being appointed Company Clerk of this department. Letters came in the same mail from two Legionnaires of Cambridge, Vermont, one of them former Gun Telephone Operator of Battery A, 65th Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps, “Polar Bear Regiment,” and the other, former Operator No. 160, U. S. Signal Corps, who fought in the Battle of Bordeaux. Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Aldrich now of *The Transcript Art Press*—and we grant Mrs. Aldrich the privilege of this rostrum first:

“I ought not to criticize when you have often asked former service men and women to write to you, but reading letters from month to month, seeing you take up your pen in behalf of the Yeomanettes, the Red Cross girls and the ‘Y’ folks, I have won-

SHORE LEAVE

Bought, paid for, and returned as a gift, is the story of the cart and pint-size steed commandeered by gobs of the Torpedo Repair Station, Haul Bowline, Harbor of Cork, on Labor Day, 1918. Just a holiday from real wartime labor



dered why you've never whispered just a word or two for the girls who gave you a real American 'hello' over the wires in France. There weren't many of us, I know—only about 220 in all—but we surely did our share, even though most of us served back in the S. O. S.

"I am wondering where the girls of those telephone units of the Signal Corps are today. I served with the Bordeaux exchange under Miss Snow and took my turn at Bassens Docks where many of you fellows spent weary days. We went across on the *Aquilania* in August, designated as the Fifth Unit, although really the first unit of American girls.

"And what a time we had in France where even officers could not account for us in that branch of the service. Many a time, too, doughboys seeing us immediately started up the old familiar 'I don't want to get well,' which was pleasant even though a 'wrong number.' And I'll never forget the look of doubt that came over the face of an old gentleman wearing eagles, when we answered in the affirmative his 'Do you girls speak English?'

"Yes, it was a great war, all right. Certainly more of the telephone girls upon seeing this will take courage as I have to ask the 'Then and Now' editor to keep us in mind for our share of leather medals. And some of you girls who are tied up, as I am, with another A. E. F.-er on a country newspaper, may feel as we do that even war has its compensations in reminiscences."

NOW that Mrs. Sara F. Aldrich has had her say, let us listen to the male member of this A. E. F. combine. Writes Harry C. Aldrich:

"Perhaps Mrs. Aldrich and I should have made this a joint letter, but while she asks about former telephone girls, I am won-

dering what became of the old 65th. I read the monthly religiously, cover to cover, and the ads twice, but I have never seen a buddy's name.

"I did get a great kick in Boston a couple of years ago at a press convention when I dropped into a lunchroom. A Boston elevated motorman boiled through the door for his hurried 'coffee and' and I collared him. You of the old 65th C. A. C., Battery A, and Number 3 gun in particular, who haven't seen Pat Colbert in ten years, wouldn't mistake him for a minute. And when I saw him, he was keeping up the old slogan that made old Number 3 a winner, for when Pat carried powder he sure 'come a runnin'."

"If any of you will write me at Cambridge, Vermont, I'll try to pass the communications along, as I'm in the printing business."

GRADUALLY, we doughboys who thought that all the gobs did during the war was to sleep in nice, clean, dry bunks and eat good chow, as against our hiking over the muddy roads of France through rain, sleeping in wet dugouts and often doing without any grub at all, are beginning to learn that many—we might say, most—gobs had their jobs to do, too, and often hazardous jobs.

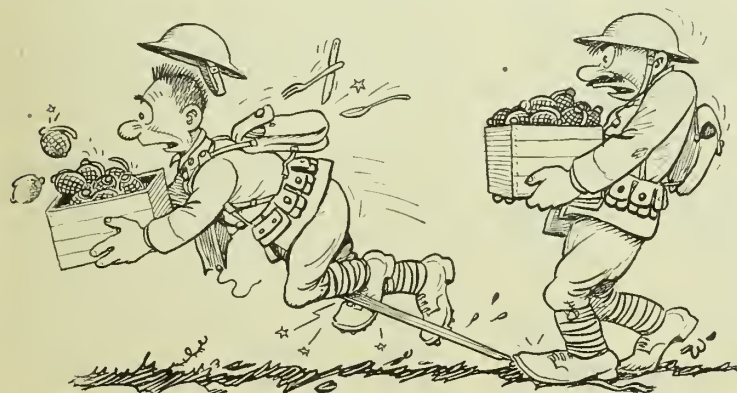
Even though Leonard—otherwise, "Chips"—Beck sent us a picture showing one of the lighter moods of part of his crew, he gives us an interesting sidelight of the particular part he and his shipmates played to help win the war. His pictorial contribution is that of the half-dozen gobs in or about a donkey cart in Queenstown. His story:

"I was attached to the *Melville* in Queenstown, Ireland, known as U. S. Naval Base No. 6, during the war, but was engaged in repairing torpedoes. If I remember correctly there were fifty-two destroyers making Queenstown their base, with the mother ships *Melville* and *Dixie*.

"Our torpedo repair station was located on the island of Haul Bowline in Cork Harbor. Torpedoes in need of repair, after the nose or 'war head,' that contained the T. N. T., had been removed aboard ship, were taken from destroyers and ferried ashore in motor sailers. We had a hand-power crane on the dock to lift them from the boat to trucks which were also hand-power. And believe me, those babies were heavy.

"The torpedoes were then taken to the shop, the afterbody removed, scrubbed out with a wire brush, the 'gyro' (which is the heart of the 'fish') worked over, and then the torpedo sent back to the destroyer.

"I wonder where the red-headed coxswain of the first





Not all soldiers in training enjoyed the luxury of steam-heated barracks. Witness the above snapshot of the street of Battery E, 125th Field Artillery, on the sand-swept plains at Camp Cody, New Mexico

motor sailor from the *Mcville* is? And does he remember the night he loaned us a three-gallon pail when there was a shipment of stout on the dock? Well, it took us a long time to unload those torps that day, but it was done cheerfully. Somebody knocked a bung in one of the barrels and the party was on.

"Now for the picture of the gang in the cart; taken on Labor Day, 1918: We were in Queenstown on shore leave and commanded the cart from one of the small Irish boys in the picture. When he objected, the short guy who is standing in front of the mule, gave him three pounds—about fifteen dollars—for the outfit, which was three times what it was worth. After riding all over town and making life miserable for the patrols, we hunted up the boy, who stayed pretty close to us, and returned the cart and donkey as a present from us.

"In the picture, from the left, are: 'Shorty' Kline, Rudemeyer, Joe Reif, Gates, myself, and Vance Sales. I would surely like to hear from any of the bunch or any of the good old torpedo gang."

Beck's home is at 1430 Marquette Street, Racine, Wisconsin, provided any of his ship-mates want to check up on him or write to him.

NOT often, but occasionally, a protest is registered with the Company Clerk that too much of his department is devoted to activities of the A. E. F. and that those men who, through force of circumstances, spent the war period either in training in this country or in outlying parts, are somewhat neglected. And here again we get the opportunity of playing the old army game of passing the buck—right back to the complainants. The Company Clerk can bulletin only such material as is

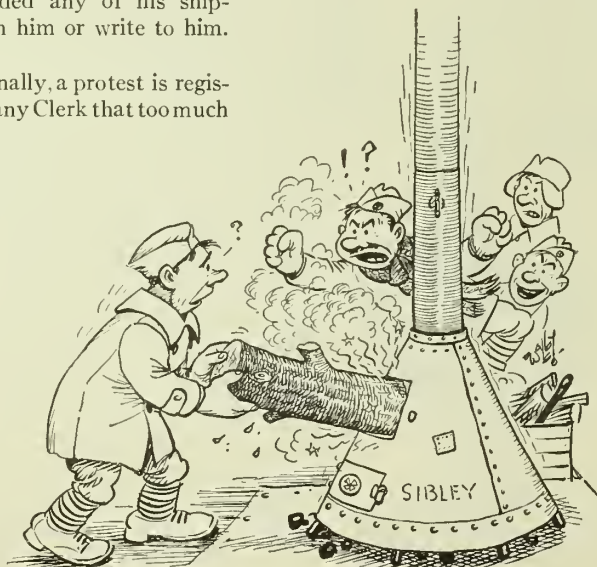
delivered by the men of the Monthly Company to his orderly room.

While not strictly in the class of the stay-at-homes—he transferred from his outfit, the 34th Division, before the division got overseas too late to get into action—we welcome a letter and picture from L. A. Parkinson of Berkeley Post, Martinsburg, West Virginia, covering some of his experiences in one of the home training camps. The 34th Division was organized from National Guard troops of Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and North and South Dakota, in October, 1917, but the movement overseas was not started until the latter part of September, 1918, the last element arriving on October 24, 1918. The division remained in training in the La Brede Area, Department of Gironde, until November 14, 1918, when it was designated as a replacement division and sent to Le Mans. In that concentration camp, the division was skeletonized and the personnel distributed to other organizations.

But let us get back to the picture on this page, and read what Parkinson has to say about it:

"I enlisted in Company I, Third Minnesota Infantry, at Crookston, on July 20, 1917, and our outfit left Crookston for Camp Cody, New Mexico, on August 26th. When we arrived at Cody on August 30th, there were no tents even. We were quartered in mess halls for a while until tents arrived and then set up tents and constructed our own streets. A month after arrival, the entire regiment was transferred to the 125th Field Artillery, 34th Division. The picture I enclose shows the street of Battery E of the 125th.

"My main recollection of Cody is the intense heat, the dry weather and the sand storms. It rained only once and snowed once while I was there—about ten months in all. The sun glare was so intense during the summer that many men wore colored glasses while drilling. Almost every day a sand-storm visited camp, during many a meal our mess-kits were (Continued on page 57)



"I didn't get the job"



HE'D counted on landing the job—but he missed out. Again he'll have to "stall" the landlord, the grocer and all the rest. One thing stood between him and a weekly pay check. His wife is somewhat reluctant to tell him. He doesn't realize that a fresh, close shave is important in getting and holding a job.

• • •

Far too many men *shave*, without being *clean* shaven. The blade you choose and the way you use it make the difference. Of course you can't shave your way to independence, but a fresh, immaculate appearance will help. The slightest growth of stubble is a handicap.

Today Gillette offers a new blade that makes close and frequent shaving easy and comfortable. It never roughens or irritates tender skin. Stubborn beard is sheared away quickly and smoothly. Try the new Gillette on our guarantee. You risk nothing. Buy a package and use two blades. If every shave isn't clean and pleasant—return the package to your dealer and he'll refund the entire purchase price.

Gillette

RAZORS  BLADES

Hockey Takes Out Its Papers

(Continued from page 6)

understood, he would place in big cities of the United States. This Mr. Duggan had vision.

Mr. Duggan had vision, all right, but he also had a battle on his hands. It was difficult to interest American promoters. Up in Boston, which is a natural stop on the way south from Montreal, the "semi-amateur" brand of hockey was flourishing and those who conducted it could see no reason for changing their policy.

Things began to look black for Mr. Duggan. He had three franchises and nowhere to plant them. Consequently when Charles F. Adams, a business man of the city, agreed to buy one of them, Mr. Duggan welcomed him in the same spirit that the fathers of the National League had welcomed Mr. Duggan.

So professional hockey was established in Boston. It lost something like \$25,000 the first year, but promoters in other cities began to see its possibilities. It was introduced in New York and Pittsburgh. It spread to Chicago and Detroit. The big "semi-amateur" league of the Middle West turned out-and-out professional and expanded its limits. New leagues sprang up, the Canadian-American on the Eastern seaboard, the International further West. The original Pacific Coast League, which first had fostered professional hockey in the United States, continued on a modified basis, having been raided of its players by the East. California heard the call and hockey was established even on the fringes of the Sunny South.

THUS the limits of the game, which in its early days had been set by cold weather and the prevalence of natural ice, were broken down. Everywhere engines pumped brine through pipes imbedded in cement floors and water sprayed about in temperate weather, congealed synthetically into an adequate representation of the frozen north.

Canadian farm boys, who had despaired, because of the early fierce competition, of getting money for their ability to play hockey, found a new field below the border. The American public, which admires speed and controlled ferocity above all things, flocked to the hockey rinks in Tulsa, St. Louis and Kansas City as well as the more northern outposts.

Thus hockey became Americanized. Its development as an active outlet of American youth seems to be natural. In plain truth, however, it has not gone far in this direction as yet. Encouraged by the example of professionals and by the prevalence of artificial facilities, American boys are playing hockey, but the professionals, the men who attract the public to the rinks, are still more than ninety-five percent Canadian.

From coast to coast today leagues are manned almost entirely by players from

the Dominion, some of whom have taken up residence in the United States, others who migrate seasonally across the border. Here and there, however, American players are rising in the game. With the spread of hockey and the building of rinks in small towns, whence the majority of American athletes emanate, it is logical to assume that the number will increase annually. Probably the United States never will rival Canada in production of players, for climate is a serious obstacle, but the desire to excel, which is a national characteristic, will overcome in large measure temperate weather conditions.

HOCKEY already has gained a foothold where ice and snow are unknown. It has been tried in Texas. In the days of the late lamented boom, it was proposed in Florida. It is possible in Louisiana, for, year by year, machinery is getting more and more efficient and mildness of climate no longer is a genuine obstacle.

At the present time none of the organized professional leagues includes in its circuit a rink of natural ice. The heavy schedules of modern hockey must be maintained regardless of thaw or blizzard and the customers are considered to have the right to sit in comparative warmth.

Despite the trend toward the synthetic in big time, the bulk of the players are produced on the outdoor rinks of Canada. Thus far, those of American birth or training have come from that part of the United States whose climate approximates that of the Dominion.

The best-known American in the game at present is George Owen, captain and defense man of the formidable Boston Bruins. He learned all his hockey in Boston and played it as well as football and baseball at Harvard, yet, though he is American by parentage and training, the fact remains he was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and lived there until he was two years old.

It seems almost as if the very accident of Canadian birth somehow implants hockey ability in a man, for there is another case of the kind, almost identical with that of Owen.

The laboratory specimen in this instance is Mickey Roach, for many years a ranking star of hockey and present manager of Syracuse in the International League. He was born in Nova Scotia but came to Boston when very young, played on the English High hockey team, developed with amazing rapidity and eventually returned to Canada to play professionally.

Mickey was a poor boy and took up the game to earn his living. The same cannot be said of Owen, for he comes from a well-to-do family and is married to the daughter of a bank president.

I had dinner with him the night he turned professional and naturally was

curious to know why a man with a good job as well as a wife and two children would willingly subject himself to the rigors of money hockey.

Owen expressed himself on the subject with great directness. And why not? His first annual contract called for a \$15,000 salary. "Of course the money had something to do with it, for everyone likes money," he said. "But the real reason I am doing it is because I love to play hockey and I want to see if I am good enough to play it with the best of them."

It was during the same interview that the accident of his Canadian birth was revealed for the first time. This revelation was almost as much of a shock to Brahmin Boston as George's wilful desertion of the amateur ranks.

Very few other American boys have made the grade in the professional ranks. "Hago" Harrington lasted a year in the National League. Bobby Taylor, Myles Lane, the Dartmouth athlete, and a few more have lasted a little while.

Such well-known professionals as Taffy Abel of the Chicago Black Hawks and Billy Burch of the New York Americans were born in "the States" but learned their hockey in Canada.

A number of the greatest American-born and American trained players, some because of a devotion to amateurism, others because of lack of opportunity, never entered the professional ranks. The greatest of all was Hobe Baker of Princeton, who went to France in the aviation service and never returned.

Though the amateur game has produced no player like him since the war, unless it is Owen, the general class of American amateur hockey has improved with the rise of the professional brand and enthusiasts expect to see material manifestations of this progress in the coming Olympic Winter games at Lake Placid, New York.

IT GOES without saying that the Canadian and American teams will reach the final, for European hockey is in its infancy. So far Canada always has been able to maintain its superiority. Its representative defeated the American team in the 1924 Olympic final in Switzerland. The Canadian team won last winter's international championship tournament at Krynica, Poland, defeating the Boston Hockey Club in the final.

The United States did not participate in the 1928 Olympic hockey series, for the amateur branch of the game had fallen into disrepute, due to widespread professionalism within it.

Now, however, there is a clean line between professional and amateur hockey in the United States and those who have worked for the amateur game look to the Olympic team for a demonstration of the arrival of the sport below the border.



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Mid-America Sees It Through

(Continued from page 15)

the façade of the powerful bank that had to close its doors. No new "Pittsburgh millionaires" were rising, and old millionaires, in an ever generous and prodigal city, were digging in their pockets for emergency relief funds.

The three great sources of orders for steel were in common plight:

The railroads were not buying rails and rolling stock in quantity, but cutting expenses in order to balance the ledger and keep their credit up for possible borrowings from the banks. Pittsburgh was feeling that.

Structural steel was not in demand to build new manufacturing plants or additions to old which were running short of capacity; or to build new apartment houses when rents were falling and people were moving from ten- to five-room flats, and five-room to three-room, with some worried about the rent for a single room; or new office buildings when some people had had to give up their offices and new enterprises were not requiring additional office space; or municipal buildings and improvements when cities and towns could not float bonds for them, and local tax levies were providing emergency relief and employment.

Automobile factories were buying from hand to mouth for a small output

when people were sticking to their old cars or buying used cars, and owners were making old trucks serve for the present traffic.

So Pittsburgh must wait until the market was hungry for steel again, until the railroads had more freight and passengers, people were moving from three-room to five-room flats, and the owners of old cars were buying new cars or maybe feeling they could afford two cars.

To make the most of the orders received, the stagger plan of distributing the hours of labor to many employes so all might earn a little and thus hold organizations together, had nowhere been more carefully applied than in Pittsburgh. The employes of the Steel Corporation, who were receiving a third or a quarter of the usual sum in their pay envelopes, and who were

owners of the corporation's stock, looked toward the decision of a future directors' meeting with the same concern as the widow who, year after year, had received a dividend check on her investment. They, too, faced the fact that if they had to realize on their stock on that public market of the Stock Exchange, they would receive much less than they had paid for it.

Pittsburgh does not forget the wealth in her mines and her plants for making the supreme essential in carrying on our mechanistic civilization. The titan of steel

low capacity is to order more machinery.

Business circles in that young city of Chicago—young compared with old Cincinnati—had consolation in Chicago's large holdings of power and utility securities. Railroad stocks and bonds, which had not held up so well, are largely held on the Eastern seaboard. And this though Chicago is the world's greatest railroad center. Chicago's diversification of industry is primarily different from New York's or Philadelphia's in that she is a distributor of goods over a vast area. Her

prosperity is as intimately related to farms a hundred miles away as to the city of Gary at her doors. She listens to the ticker of the wheat pit and live-stock market more intently than to that of the New York Stock Exchange. Let the price of grain and meat rise and she soon feels the increase of buying power of her customers, and more men and women have employment.

Chicago is the home of the great mail order houses. The fluctuations of their sales have been as good a barometer of what people were buying in a winter of depression as the Stock Exchange of financial values. A drought in one farming area, good crops in another, the shut-down of a factory, or a factory resuming work, is immedi-

ately reflected in that mart in which no bulls or bears speculate. People must have food, clothes, shoes; but new stoves, furniture, kitchen utensils, tools, radios, and pianos might wait. Spurts in mail order business are related to the weather, too. When the winter promised to be open, people thought they could get on with the old arctics or light underclothes, but a cold snap proved a concession to warmth out of family budgets.

Although Chicago deals so largely in the distribution of essentials, the optimism and enterprise, which had ever favored her astounding growth, made sharp contraction inevitable. The call to get a job in "Chi," the movement from the farming region and of drifting labor cityward left her with immense numbers of unemployed



"Duck, me eye! They're pigeons! ! !"

knows it has ever been a feast or famine in steel. He might have to twiddle his thumbs for three or four days of idleness a week, but before long he would be stretching his muscles for six days' labor. Bethlehem, Youngstown, Gary, Lackawanna, and other one-industry cities could take heart out of the same philosophy, and perhaps learn the lesson of saving out of the feast for future famines.

It is barely a hundred and sixty years since the early settlers began their movement down the Ohio from the frontier post at Fort Pitt. In "old" Cincinnati, on the Ohio's bank, the thrift and settled ways of the tradition of the German element lessened the effect of unemployment in the city's important industry of machine tools. The last thought of a factory running at

to care for. There has been very real distress among the Negroes who migrated from the South to so inviting a labor market, and had not yet learned the lessons of thrift which provide for winter in a colder climate.

But that city, which is at the modern portage between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley, with its seemingly endless stretch of railroad yards, does not forget the wonders she's wrought in less than a hundred years. She strikes a confident note, and she gives it action in her preparations for her World's Fair in 1933, when she is sure that prosperity will have returned. Then visitors, who have associated her with gunmen and racketeering, will have the revelation of her triumphs in building and the stretches of her magnificent boulevards on the shores of her inland sea.

Just as Pittsburgh spells steel, old Detroit, which found youth in the automotive engine, spells automobiles. We all know about Detroit as a supreme one-industry community. No American city had had more rapid growth; none knew the penalty of so large contraction when its dream of a two-car garage for every family was broken.

Chance did not make it the center of automobile manufacturing. It had brass and malleable iron works, with skilled workers and experts, which prepared it for the new industry; it had some men of pioneer daring and enterprise who had a vision of the future of a new method of locomotion. Then came quick prosperity.

A small area was meeting the world's avid demand for an article which was of itself a magnet that drew the intelligent "in-between" class of workers, who found they could earn more in Detroit than elsewhere. They spent as freely as they earned in a prodigal era which promised to have no end as production was stepped up year after year. Speed ruled, more and more speed in manufacture; and speed is in the movement and the way of talking of Detroit people. Machines, in the process of speed, were taking the place of labor. Fewer and fewer men were being required to make a car, when the depression brought an abrupt lessening of demand of a product which was to many of its owners only a pleasure vehicle. So Detroit was the hardest hit of any great city.

You may hear in Detroit that the lush days will never come back. You may hear that one day dealers, all over the land, will again have a waiting list of orders for cars. Even if they do, the bonanza period is over, as it was in the steel business before the recent prosperity era began. Millionaires will not again so often be made over night.

Detroiters recall the Legion convention very gratefully, not for the money the veterans spent, but for the cheer imparted by their marching and coursing thousands, in memory of vigorous days of camp, drills, and battles.

And Detroit is getting down to earth; reorganizing its thought, its method of life as well as (Continued on page 42)

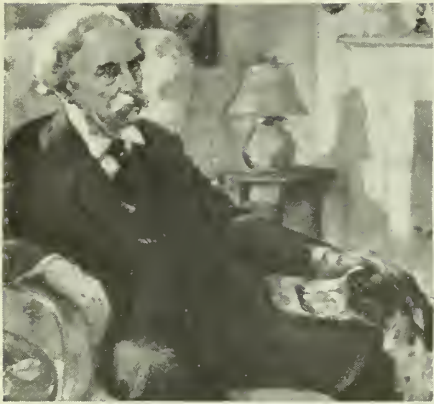
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Mid-America Sees It Through

(Continued from page 41)

production, for a great, permanent, vital industry in place of a boom industry. In future, new models will not be issued in the fall, but at the beginning of the year to assure more regular employment—a radical change! Even Detroiters who talk gloomily are not pessimists in their plans and action. They know that new cars must take the place of the old; that the world must have cars and more and more cars when prosperity returns.

The interdependence of sections and communities is emphasized by the effects of the low state of automobile production upon Cleveland, Toledo, and neighboring cities which manufacture parts of automobiles for shipment to Detroit. Cleveland makes textiles and has a variety of manufacture, but the city on the lake was hard hit with the ebbing of traffic on the inland seas and by rail. With less ore needed by steel works, less was in transit. Cleveland's extraordinary civic spirit, her rich community chest, and her thorough welfare organization have met the crisis with practical measures. Her banks had stood the strain while many in other cities of the industrial area could not.

Credit and confidence! No financial aspect of depression holds such tragedy as savings for old age which are not safeguarded. The trials in Chicago and Detroit of men who had been ranked as bankers make shameful reading. Punishment of the wreckers and despoilers will not bring back the funds depositors lost.

In Chicago savings banks are not separate institutions. While savings might not be withdrawn for sixty days from a bank, checking accounts might be withdrawn at once. A system of chain banks in Chicago was interlocked with real estate promotion and bonding; and there were families who awoke one morning to find that with the collapse of the system, the doors were closed on their savings and checking accounts, and they had lost their homes.

Bond and mortgage companies were failing as the fall of one brick toppled over another in succession. Detroit home buyers also lost their homes and savings when they were out of work. Some of them were among the veterans who stood in line at the local Veterans Bureau to get loans on their adjusted compensation certificates, after they had so long and stubbornly resisted the temptation.

It is all very well to say that deposits lost in Chicago's or Detroit's chain banking system, or elsewhere, were a small percentage of the total of deposits. The point is the large number of deposits of small amounts which were all the depositors had—and which stood between them and the bread-line, between pride and appeal to charity. The poorer the victim, the fouler the blow. It might destroy his confidence in banks, in our Government, and in humanity.

In the period when relief work and unemployment are front page news in the industrial cities and the "Help Wanted" ads are disappearing from the back pages, we have been having a severe lesson which speaks in a strong voice: "Such things must not be again!" The depression has struck down some men—whether the victims of shortsightedness, of circumstance, or injustice—who will not have the resiliency to recover former comforts and independence. They are the casualties, the disabled. We can not change our economic system, but we can use the power of our democracy to make the next era of prosperity a better era for all of us.

The young men—and the Legion is young—now that they know we have seen the worst, and know what the worst means, can have the confidence, the enterprise, the courage which brought into being that industrial empire beyond a frontier which was from an hundred to three hundred miles east of the Alleghenies when Washington was born two hundred years ago.

What We Owe to Washington

(Continued from page 13)

fleet he compelled Cornwallis to surrender the war was by no means over. It lasted for two years longer and Washington's intelligence and integrity were again invaluable, for the army was mutinous and determined to destroy Congress because no pay was forthcoming.

By a personal appeal for one last sacrifice Washington ended the gigantic mutiny of generals and private soldiers. When some of them urged him to continue the benevolent power he had built up and become king, he replied that the mere hint was the worst insult he had ever had.

Few Americans realize that after the seven years of war, five whole years elapsed

before the Constitution was constructed and accepted. Washington had gone home to his farm to repair his almost bankrupt finances, but the crisis was so acute and the need of a revision of the old Articles of Confederation so pressing that he began to devote much time to solidifying the Union.

He worked with the Governor of Maryland over their combination for opening up the West by making the Potomac navigable. The Potomac Company was organized. A commission met at his home and the Mount Vernon Compact between two States led to the call for a convention of all the States at Annapolis.

While this accomplished nothing else,

it led to the calling of a convention to reform the Government altogether.

The Constitutional Convention of 1787 met at Philadelphia and elected Washington chairman. It is hard for us to imagine the mutual distrust of the thirteen States and their unwillingness to surrender any of their powers to a central body. Only the fear of absolute collapse swayed those who managed the business. Debates and disputes were endless and failure seemed the one thing certain.

But Washington held the Congress to its task and exerted immense influence in getting a workable document, then in going forth and working with all his might to get it ratified.

Nothing seems more certain than the assurance that only Washington's record and his personality made the Constitution possible. The one thing that made the colonies willing to yield to a central executive was the knowledge that they had such a man as Washington to elect as first President.

It was not easy even for him to secure a Constitution and to persuade enough people to establish it. When the election came, he was unanimously chosen President.

We of today think we know something about political wrangles, feuds, and insults, but our politics and politicians are milk for babies and babies for milk compared to the wolves of 1789 and on.

The establishment of the finances of the new nation, the assumption of the old debts by the new Government, the infinite problems to solve divided the nation into two camps so hostile that a civil war looked inevitable. Gigantic statesmen like Hamilton and Jefferson despised, hated, and fought each other with unmitigated hostility. Washington kept both in his Cabinet and off each other's throats.

The foreign entanglements were nearly impossible to solve; to pacify England was to infuriate France and vice versa. It seemed necessary to fight one or the other or be ruined; yet to fight either seemed fatal.

Through two administrations of four years each Washington kept us from war with either nation, although the frenzies of the different political factions threatened disaster. Mobs formed and raged at every excuse and the ferocity of the American emotional outbursts is inconceivable today.

Washington himself was not spared. Though he refused to take pay as President and asked only to have his unavoidable expenses paid he was accused of embezzling public funds. He was accused by the pro-French of being bought by British gold and of aiming at monarchy.

He refused to run for a third term and went back to his farm only to be called forth again. As soon as Washington was out, the pro-British Federalists blundered the country into a declaration of war against France, which was rivaling England in insults and depredations. John Adams called (Continued on page 44)

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What We Owe to Washington

(Continued from page 43)

Washington out to be commander-in-chief of the new army.

While he was organizing it for combat and trying once more to pacify the furious jealousies of his generals, a sudden opportunity to make peace was offered to Adams and he seized it, to the great disgust of his own party and the end of his own popularity such as it was.

The hatred of the Federalists for Jefferson, Madison and the believers in more popular government was so bitter that the Alien and Sedition Laws were passed making it practically treason even to criticize the Government or its officers.

So vicious was the tyranny of the Federalists and so contemptuous were they of the rights of the common people that they aroused a great resentment, fatal to their power, and Thomas Jefferson was elected. Immediately, the Federalists began to denounce the Government with a virulence that would have got them all into prison under their own sedition law if it had been enforced. The Jeffersonians in power began to do the very things they had most abhorred when they were out of power, and gradually drifted into a war with Great Britain. The Federalists opposed this and not only refused to help the desperate Government but denounced all who did and traded with England in such friendly manner as would have won them a general lynching in our World War.

In the meanwhile Washington had died in December, 1799. He had found the colonies chaos and they fell back into chaos after his death, but he had carried the thirteen provinces on his broad shoulders from 1775 to 1798—for twenty-three years, and had set an example that all others at least pretend to follow.

In his seven years as general and his eight years as President he never lifted a finger for his own advancement, aggrandizement or profit. In all the human chronicle there is not another man who did so much for his people and asked so little of them. Of all creators of nations he was the meekest, most modest servant of the public welfare, and therefore he is easily the most majestic.

There is hardly a field of human activity in which he did not play a part, never with dishonor, never with indifference to the rights of others. His dream was of great America, and his longing was to benefit "unborn millions."

And so we owe Washington multitudinous debts that we cannot pay and that most of us never even heard of. But our greatest debts to him are the creation of our republic, the salvation of it from foreign attack, and from disruption and destruction through domestic discord; but, above all, for the establishment of a sublime ideal of patriotism pure and undefiled.

In the Days of King Greenback

(Continued from page 19)

security. People heard then, as now, that it was only a want of confidence that made times hard. That is sometimes true of panics and flurries. It is true to some extent of depressions, but want of confidence during depressions is justified by a sudden realization that too many liabilities have been imposed upon too few assets.

The man who runs no bills larger than he can pay on demand out of his liquid capital will never have to face a depression of his own making. It is the same with a million people, forty million or a hundred and twenty million. Crises due to outside physical causes such as fire, flood or bad crops will be short and easily bridged. Real depressions wherein lean months stretch into lean years come when great debts are optimistically accumulated on fanciful ideas of value. Here are some figures on what happened in this respect prior to the collapse in '73. During the lush years from 1869 on, bank deposits increased seven and one-half percent and bank loans increased fifty percent. During the twelve months preceding the crash the banks of the United States loaned \$68,000,000 and took in through the receiving tellers' windows \$7,000,000.

What can a man do when he owes \$68 and has only \$7 in sure, quick assets with which to pay it? He can put off his creditors as long as possible, then compromise or file a petition in bankruptcy. The honest man normally fights bankruptcy, but in times of depression a certain number, an appalling number of such liquidations are inevitable. In no other way can sixty-eight-dollar debts be reduced to where seven-dollar assets will cover them. From three thousand failures in 1873, the number rose to 7,050 in 1876, when a student of the times wrote: "The duration of the depression depends for the most part on the percentages that bankrupt estates are able to pay or the expedition of payment. Something will depend on the failures yet to come."

The statement was unpopular, but unquestionably true.

After three lean years conditions were worse than they had been since the hard times following the close of the Revolution. "The New England States," wrote one observer, "are pinched almost to the extremity of endurance, and the iron industry is prostrated as never before. The West has suffered less than any other section,

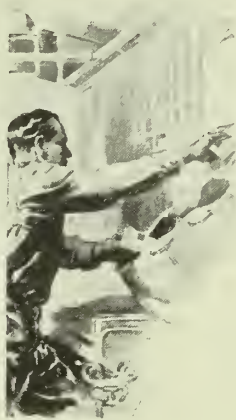
but the whole country is in a sad state of trouble, and is asking, when will these hard times pass away?"

Production continued to dwindle. Chary purchasers were still buying from the vast surpluses of '73 and were buying at their own prices. People would work for almost any wages. They would work for bread. Soup kitchens were the dispensers of luxury. The hungry were thankful for a pail of flour or meal. These people knew what hard times were.

There were the usual political manifestations. Communists and agitators found a fertile field for the exercise of their talents. Hungry men heard over and over that their plight was the result of a conspiracy of the rich to get richer at the poor's expense, and the thing to do was to seize property, seize the Government, seize anything in sight. Fifty panaceas reached the floors of Congress. In hard times the idea that an inflation of the currency will put more money in circulation and thus restore prosperity never fails of a multitude of adherents. One hears this theory now, a theory that can be made to look so attractive that one forgets that unpleasant experience has proved its fallacy a hundred times over. In the seventies, when the greenback was king, the cry was to make him more accessible to his subjects. The idea was so clamorously advocated in Congress that after a bitter all-winter fight a bill was passed to print more paper money. President Grant was so beset by partisans on both sides that he said that for the only time in his life he could not sleep at night. He was told that violence would ensue if he vetoed the bill, financial chaos if he signed it. He vetoed the bill and stood ready to meet the storm—an act of the old Grant of Pittsburgh Landing and the Wilderness.

Nothing of consequence happened, except that the country was spared a steeper climb to solvency than otherwise. Violence had long been feared. Agitators were everywhere and allowance should be made for the mental processes of a hungry man with a hungry family looking to him for bread. There were disturbances among the unemployed of the cotton mills at Fall River, Massachusetts, and in the Pennsylvania coal regions, but no bloodshed. Yet trouble was on the way, and it came like a whirlwind in July, 1877.

In June the New York Central and Chesapeake & Ohio railroads reduced wages ten percent, without distinction. The cuts were explained on the ground of diminished earnings, the decline of wages in other lines and the fact that the cost of living was lower than it had been in thirty years. In July the Baltimore & Ohio reduced wages ten percent and its freight train crews struck. Their places were immediately filled, but at Martinsburg, West Virginia, a railroad shop town, strikers began to halt trains and pull strike-breakers from them. Engines were detached and run on a siding until there was a string of them a half-mile long. Shop workers refused to join the (Continued on page 46)



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The U.S. Government Tax on 20 cigarettes amounts to 6 cents. On 20 cigarettes you roll from Target tobacco the tax is just about one cent. And where there is a state tax on cigarettes, you save that much more. Besides, we offer you a **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE** of complete satisfaction. Try a package. If you don't say they're the best cigarettes you ever rolled, return the half empty package, and your store man will return your dime.



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In the Days of King Greenback

(Continued from page 45)

walkout, but the trainmen defied the local authorities and the militia. When state troops tried to move a train two men were wounded and the attempt was abandoned. A company of Regulars arrived and moved a few trains, but the spark had been lighted.

As fast as east-bound trains left Martinsburg they were stopped at Cumberland, Maryland, where other unemployed had joined the striking train hands. Two regiments of militia were ordered from Baltimore to raise the blockade. The Fifth Regiment was stoned by a mob on its way to the Camden Street depot in Baltimore and several of its members injured. The troops used their bayonets to force an entrance to the station, but the engine of their train was disabled by strikers and they could not leave. Meantime a larger and bolder mob had surrounded the Sixth Regiment in its armory. Windows were broken and soldiers late in arriving seized and beaten up. But the regiment marched from the building, answered a shower of paving stones with a small volley and joined the Fifth Regiment at the railroad station.

This place was in a state of siege. Two companies deployed about it to protect the building, but six hundred troops were immured inside with the mayor, the chief of police and the vice-president of the B. & O. Rioters wrecked the dispatcher's office, paralyzing traffic. They set fire to the freight yards, but squads of police cleared the way with revolvers for firemen who extinguished the blaze. For thirty-six hours policemen, most of whom were veterans of the Civil War, kept the city from the hands of the mob. Then three hundred Regulars appeared and restored order without a shot.

While this was going on the freight crews of the Pennsylvania Railroad and two connecting lines struck at Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh militia regiment was reinforced by a regiment from Philadelphia.

The idle from the steel mills and subsidiary industries confronted them with twenty thousand men. In a street battle the Pittsburgh militia dropped its arms and melted away but the Philadelphians stood fast, retreating toward evening into a round-house. The mob took the city. Men sacked stores for arms and liquor. Women and children carried away food. The troops in the round-house beat off an attack. Burning freight cars smeared with oil were sent against the building. It ignited. At 5 a.m. the troops fought their way out, content to withdraw from further conflict.

A day and night of terror followed. The torch was applied to the Union Station, machine shops and practically all of the property of the three roads. One hundred and twenty-five locomotives and twenty-five hundred cars loaded with freight were burned.

The Pittsburgh uprising was a signal for outbreaks in Chicago, Columbus, St. Louis, Omaha, San Francisco and New York. For two weeks railroad traffic between the Mississippi and the Hudson was virtually at a standstill. The entire Regular Army not in far Western garrisons took the field. Early in August quiet had been restored, and the grim contest against the depression resumed by more constructive means.

The turn came, generally unrecognized, in 1878, when the high point of 10.418 failures was reached. This was the last kick of adversity, the final sacrifice required to reconcile sixty-eight-dollar obligations with seven-dollar assets. Railroads and business in general, freed by this drastic means of its load of debt, could carry on at a profit. Men began to return to work and in six months the country was out of the valley with much to do to replenish the scarcity of everything caused by the long, lean spell of under-production such as we are experiencing, to a lesser degree, today.

Tarheel

(Continued from page 21)

in which destiny might have placed him. The road between Warsaw and Kenansville was Henry L. Stevens's path to romance before and after the war. His marriage to Mildred Beasley took place in 1922. Henry L. Stevens III, eight years old, often comes from Warsaw to see Grandfather Beasley in Kenansville.

In Kenansville are held the sessions of the county court over which Henry L. Stevens, Jr., had presided for several years before his election as National Commander. The law firm of Beasley and Stevens, which includes E. Walker Stevens, younger brother of Henry L. Stevens, Jr.,

has a practice which extends to many parts of the State. The firm represents among other clients the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, the Southern Railroad, the Camp Manufacturing Company, which is a \$10,000,000 corporation, a large timber company and a life insurance company. One of its notable recent victories was in a will case involving \$600,000.

THE buggy ride to Kenansville which was to influence so strongly the later life of Henry L. Stevens, Jr., was preceded by significant events. His mother recalls that he surprised her and all friends

of the family by saying his first words at the age of six months. It is recorded too by informal family historians that he talked well before he could walk, and he spoke at Sunday school entertainments before his third birthday. At thirteen he took part in a state oratorical contest. With all these evidences of precocity, he followed the ordered life of all the boys of his town as he started to school. He played baseball on grammar school teams. He hunted quail and rabbits through the thickets and grassy meadows, and fished in the nearest streams; laying the foundations for the duck hunting and the deep sea fishing that are his favorite sports today.

He was fortunate in having a brother four years younger than himself. They have been devoted to each other always, in work or play. Henry L. Stevens seems to have derived most of his physical characteristics from the Walkers, his mother's line. E. Walker Stevens, his brother, has inherited the big frame and massive features of his father. Above the fireplace in the library of the big home of Henry L. Stevens, Jr., hangs an excellent oil painting of the elder Stevens, who died in 1927. The banker and lawyer resembled no one so much as William McKinley, President of the United States at the time the boys were born. When Walker Stevens stands beneath that painting, you have the illusion that his face and the face of the painting are the same. In the law partnership, Henry L. Stevens, Jr., has always been the trial lawyer, pre-eminent before a jury. Walker Stevens has been the office planner and strategist.

The elder Mr. Stevens knew how to fit his sons for a life of work. When they were quite young he gave them an acre of ground, to till as they wished. They planted it all in peppers, and their profit for the year was \$47.50. Warsaw is the center of a great strawberry and blackberry producing territory, and it also ships to the world bright leaf tobacco and fancy bulbs of the canna, the tuberose and the tulip. Like other boys of the town, the Stevens brothers found work and profit in school vacations in the berry patches and the flower fields. When Warsaw officially welcomed Henry L. Stevens, Jr., back home after his election as National Commander, with ceremonies attended by Governor Gardner and dozens of other dignitaries, Mr. Stevens left all the top hats in the midst of the celebration to shake hands warmly with Old Tom, the farmer who had been the boss of his first berry picking days.

IN THE autumn of 1914 while German siege guns were echoing over the world from Belgium, a tiny locomotive puffed out of the tobacco metropolis of Durham pulling a string of small passenger cars. The train rocked with speed on the down grades and labored painfully on the upward stretches as the track wound over the hills. At last the town of Chapel Hill loomed ahead on (Continued on page 48)

FEBRUARY, 1932

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Finds New Tobacco When All Others Fail

Walter H. Noble is a lucky fellow. For not every man has a wife who knows what to do when his pipe goes back on him and he's at his wit's end to know what to do to get real smoking satisfaction. Let Mr. Noble tell you in his own words what happened:

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Gentlemen:

For many years now I have been just an "off and on" pipe smoker, for I have never been able to find a tobacco that had no bite and no unpleasant aftertaste. During this time I've smoked many, many brands—some costly, some cheap. My sister even sent me an expensive pipe from Paris, but it was no go.

The pipe was all right, but not the tobacco. Last summer while up in the country my wife saw one of your advertisements in a magazine, and sent for the sample offered. The sample never arrived, but your letter stating that it had been mailed did. This stimulated my desire to try your tobacco, so I bought some. I want to say that I am grateful to you for bringing this fine tobacco to my attention. I really enjoy my smoke now, and my pipe has at last come into its own.

Most cordially yours,
Walter H. Noble

P. S. Never mind the sample now. Send it to some other man who may have had the same trouble I did. If he tries it I feel sure that he will be a convert.

There's a man who'll leave no stone unturned to find just the tobacco he wants! Even when his Edgeworth sample failed to arrive, he made up his mind to give this tobacco a try anyhow. And, happily, he found what he wanted. Speaking of samples, that was a thoughtful P. S. that Mr. Noble appended to his letter—just the kind of good luck one enthusiastic pipe smoker would wish another.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 111 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a generous sample packet of Edgeworth. If you get the smoking enjoyment out of it that most men do, you can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for Edgeworth quality is always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15 cent pocket package to pound humidor tin. And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N.B.C. Blue Network every Thursday evening.



Tarheel

(Continued from page 47)

a crest and the passengers, three hundred students, saw the towers of the University of North Carolina. One of the three hundred was Henry L. Stevens, Jr., full of the confidence bred in him by his recent graduation from Porter Military Academy at Charleston, South Carolina. Another was James R. Patton, Jr., who was to be Stevens' room-mate for four years at the university.

The little locomotive struggled hard on that last long hill, but its spinning wheels overtaxed its aged boiler and it came to a humiliating stop. Then Stevens and Patton were introduced to a custom and convention of the university of seventeen years ago. Under the delighted urging of the sophomores and other upper classmen, the freshmen got out and pushed the train the rest of the way up the hill to the campus gates. Today buses leap from hill to hill over a broad concrete road between Durham and Chapel Hill, and the memories of the old railroad are preserved in old university annuals, such as the one Henry L. Stevens, Jr., helped edit.

They will point out to you at Chapel Hill today the ground floor room in Old East Hall, built in 1793, which was the first home of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Patton. And Judge James R. Patton, Jr., of Durham will tell you how his roommate bought with traditional freshman eagerness the property rights of certain pictures which had adorned the walls of the room for a generation; how, likewise, he with other freshmen made a handsome contribution toward the preservation of the Davie Poplar, to the gustatory delight of the

sophomores who had appointed themselves the tree's unofficial guardians, in keeping with university tradition.

Later, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Patton moved to the old Kappa Sigma fraternity house. Today the university has 3,000 students; then it had eight hundred. Mr. Stevens knew fully five hundred of his fellow students well enough to call them by their first names. He was a leader in almost every university activity.

"He didn't go out for a great many campus jobs," Judge Patton relates, "but he always got what he went after. And he had the faculty of stirring up enthusiasm in whatever cause he enlisted. He wasn't the sort who would go out for Phi Beta Kappa, but there wasn't a better campus leader in school and he shone on social activities.

"I remember distinctly how he won the victory that made him leader of the German Club dance. The honor was claimed by the old hierarchy, but Stevens defeated the organization candidate by a coalition between the fraternity and non-fraternity men—this in a day when feeling between the two groups wasn't always as friendly as it is today. I remember also how he led, as Chief Commencement Marshal, the annual academic procession to Old Memorial Hall.

"At last came that spring to Chapel Hill that brought the war. They have measured Stevens's chest; he has done his coughing; his reflexes are good. Goodbye, Steve! And his cheery answer: 'Goodbye, boys, it won't be long before I'll be having dinner with old General Pershing himself.'



National Commander Stevens with his wife, mother, son, brother and father-in-law at the welcoming tendered him at Goldsboro when he returned to his home State after his election

"And now, fourteen years later, the general is passing Henry the hors d'oeuvres!"

THE University of North Carolina is the oldest state university in the United States. The old dormitories erected in 1793 still stand staunchly, facing the original campus where generations of students have worn paths under giant oaks and elms. There are new buildings too now, many of them, with massive white columns and red brick walls. The buildings and the general atmosphere are reminiscent of Princeton.

The university is proud of the fact that 240 of the 350 men in the senior class entered training camp in the spring of 1917. The newly elected president is Frank Porter Graham—cousin of the president of 1917—who enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps July 3, 1917, and came out of it a first lieutenant of Marines in 1919. The executive secretary is Robert House, two years Historian of the Department of North Carolina. Scattered through North Carolina are hundreds of graduates who knew Henry L. Stevens, Jr., in his university years. They have been loyal friends as he rose through successive Legion offices to that of National Commander.

WHEN Henry L. Stevens, Jr., was elected National Commander, a score of former officers of the 318th Machine Gun Battalion brought from trunks of army days a photograph. In the rear row of a group of seated and standing captains and lieutenants, appears Lieutenant Stevens, incredibly boyish looking but with the same smile which a million Legionnaires have come to know. Mr. Stevens was in the first group of officers to come from the first training camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He served with the 81st Division in the Vosges, the Argonne and St. Die sectors, with no chance to win medals or citations.

After the Armistice he managed the 81st Division Show, "Oh, You Wildcats!" the first divisional show to go on a tour of the A. E. F. His next assignment, while the 81st was waiting for boats to take it home, was as officer in charge of a school of carpentry at Montigny in the Eighth Corps Area.

After being discharged from service, he finished the three-year law course of the University of North Carolina in two years and completed his legal education by taking a post-graduate course at Harvard Law School. Meanwhile he served four years as Commander of Charles Gavin Post of Warsaw which he helped organize. He served two terms as District Commander before he was elected Department Commander in 1925.

As a delegate to early national conventions, Mr. Stevens served on important convention committees such as those on resolutions, military affairs, internal organization and distinguished guests. In 1927 he attended the national convention in Paris. He has long been active in the national affairs of (Continued on page 50)

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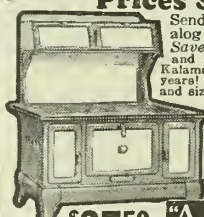
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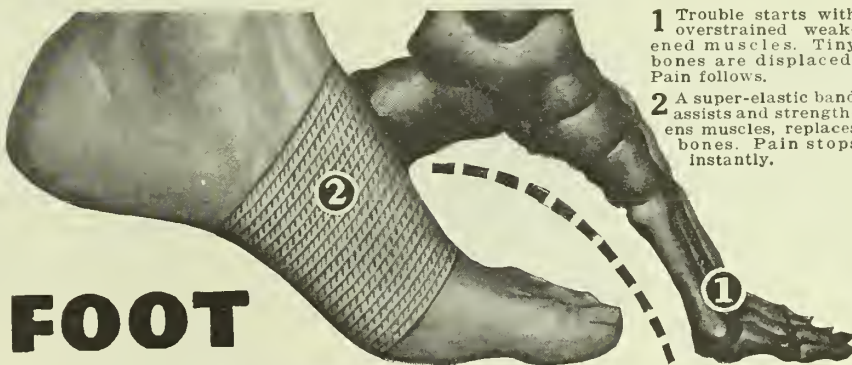
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Send for Free Booklet

Tarheel

(Continued from page 49)

the Forty and Eight and served one term in that subsidiary to the Legion as Cheminot National.

The day Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Stevens, Jr., returned home after the Detroit convention was the greatest day in the history of Duplin County. Leaving their train at Goldsboro, twenty-nine miles north of Warsaw, they were welcomed by joyous crowds at town after town as they drove toward their own home. At Warsaw, the welcoming committee was headed by O. Max Gardner, Governor of North Carolina, and Cameron Morrison and Josiah W. Bailey, North Carolina's United States Senators, Josephus Daniels of Raleigh, Secretary of the Navy during the World War, and Henry Bourne, Commander of the North Carolina Department. The welcoming addresses were carried to the whole country by radio over the National Broadcasting Company's network. After the addresses of the notable visitors, a 23-year-old attorney, J. T. Gresham, delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the people of the home town—neighbors and schoolmates and friends of Henry L. Stevens, Jr.

"Henry," he said, "we who know you best, we who have known you longest, we who live with you, are most proud of you and we welcome you back home."

At Charlotte and Fayetteville, later, there were also rousing welcoming receptions.

A few more facts will help to complete the picture of the new National Commander. He sings bass in the choir of Calvary Episcopal Church in Warsaw, is a Master Mason and a member of the Junior Order, United American Mechanics. As the Commander of his Department he pushed its membership to a new height and completed its quota of the \$5,000,000 American Legion Endowment Fund. He found the Department in debt and left it with a \$2,500 cash balance in its treasury. He knows more North Carolina Legionnaires by name than any other man in the State; and he came out of the war with a larger personal acquaintance among the officers and men of the 81st Division than any other man in the division possessed. J. Will Pless, Jr., brother in the national legal fraternity, Phi Delta Phi, is the author of a tribute that confirms this faculty for friendship.

"He never forgets a face," wrote Mr. Pless, "or an incident; and he is one of the few men who can slap you on the back when you are the thousandth man of the day to receive the same salutation, tell you that he is just tickled to death to see you—and make you believe it. The answer is simple. He is."

For the Man Next Door

(Continued from page 23)

Army ruling that makes clothing available at cost to welfare organizations. The Employment Committee went before City Council and requested them to build a trunk line sewer, which has been talked of for some time. Estimated cost is about \$200,000 and same would employ three to five hundred men. The Council has called for bids and work will be started soon.

LINCOLN PARK POST
Lincoln Park, Michigan

ARRANGEMENTS for harvesting crops on percentage, and collection and gathering of vegetables and apples in nearby towns resulted in obtaining, distributing and storing of over 8,000 bushels of vegetables and fruit. Day after day unemployed veterans and friends journeyed to the farms where crops of vegetables and fruit were harvested under supervision of the Welfare Chairman or members of his committee. The Auxiliary co-operated to the fullest extent by canning all fruit and vegetables which could not be stored. Up to date 246 two-quart and gallon jars of vegetables and fruits have been canned. Legionnaires have converted a portion of the cabbage on hand into 255 gallons of

kraut. Outside of the appropriations made to the welfare fund by the post all expense has been met by the sale of cider, over 1500 gallons having been pressed by Legionnaires and disposed of. All other produce has been given away free of charge. Two trips were made to Kinde, Michigan, 120 miles from Lincoln Park, where seventeen Legionnaires harvested 139 bushels of potatoes; at the same time 100 bushels of apples were picked and 2100 pounds of beans were purchased at the elevator. An average of 200 bushels per week of produce was distributed during the months of October and November.

The Legion now has on hand sufficient vegetables to feed fifty families per week for four months and have obligated themselves to do this during the winter months, thus relieving the hard-pressed City Welfare Fund. It was intended at first to aid only veterans, regardless of Legion affiliation, but the need for aid among non-service men was so great that welfare was extended to others outside of veteran circles. At the present time about thirty percent of those receiving Legion aid are veterans, the other seventy percent non-service men's families. The Legion has done its work so well that the Associated

Service Clubs organization has left the feeding of the needy entirely up to the City Welfare Department and the Legion, the clothing and furnishing of fuel being provided by the Association, of which the Legion is a member.

RARITAN POST Keyport, New Jersey

KEYPORT, New Jersey, is located on the Raritan Bay, 26 miles by rail from New York City. Population 5,000. Fifty percent of employed population commute to Newark, Perth Amboy and New York. Balance employed locally and in nearby factories.

Unemployed—approximately 100, occupations diversified.

Legionnaires to canvas all property owners for purpose of obtaining contribution in form of consent to hire one person for a period of eight hours or more to perform some specific task.

The consents received by Legionnaires to be turned over to Mayor's Committee, who, having previously classified the unemployed by occupations, will allocate the work so that the unemployed will be engaged in an occupation for which they are qualified.

Kind of work: Repair work of all descriptions; cleaning cellars, attics, yards, painting, tending heaters, removing ashes, removing old wall paper, etc.

Payment: Payment for all work to be made to Mayor's Committee, who in turn will pay the workers supplied. Payments by property owners may be made by note or cash. If by note, same is to be endorsed by borough and cash therefore made available.

Notes: Interest on notes for one year to be paid by borough through funds collected for emergency relief work. If necessary to renew notes after period of one year interest to be assumed by maker.

Rates for labor: Common labor, forty cents per hour; semi-skilled labor, fifty-five cents per hour; skilled labor, sixty-five cents per hour.

SEASIDE POST Seaside, Oregon

BECAUSE of the absence of any relief agency whatever in this city of 2,000 people, Seaside Post decided to take upon itself the duty of assisting needy people this winter. It was soon decided that it was not a question of obtaining work for the unemployed. There was little or no work to be had. We decided that it was a question of distribution of food, fuel, and providing shelter. Food was the most important necessity, as there are means in this country of obtaining fuel and in every case we have found so far shelter was already available to needy people.

From the standpoint of the post the chief problem was cost. The usual emergency funds, as well as funds which the post could raise, were entirely inadequate and they were, we decided, to be reserved for

use in helping ex-service men. We discovered, however, that the grocery stores and the bakeries, and to a lesser extent the meat markets, were in the habit of throwing away food that was still usable but not saleable. An investigation showed this food was entirely fit for consumption in most cases. Groceries threw away food that had the slightest imperfection or which showed the slightest sign of decay but which was perfectly usable and fit for consumption. Bakeries threw away all bread, pastries and cakes that were more than a day old. Meat markets got rid of a large quantity of odds and ends which were perfectly good but which were not saleable.

An investigation determined the fact that all merchants would be willing to save the best of this waste food. The problem was to get it distributed. The police department, which had personal knowledge of practically all needy cases in the city, offered to pick it up and distribute it. The plan was put in operation and probably seventy-five people are obtaining food who would otherwise be hungry, at least part of the time.

Clothing is collected by the post's Auxiliary and given to those who need it. The post is paying for milk to be given to undernourished school children under the direction of the school principal.

MILL VALLEY POST Mill Valley, California

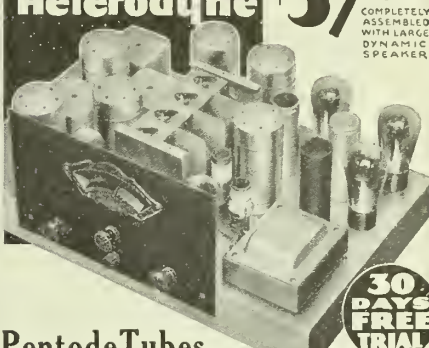
MILL VALLEY is located on the north shore of San Francisco Bay. Population 5,000, largely commuters, no manufacturing, some farming, eight garages, ten groceries, one theater, several drug stores, several hardware stores. The town is strictly residential—no apartment houses, each home an individual establishment.

The post caused a citizens' committee to be formed, with all the organizations in town represented. The president of the Outdoor Art Club, a woman, was made executive officer, with an assistant from the same organization. She has a desk rent free in a real estate office and is on the job from 9 to 12 each morning.

We have no fund, never had one, do not need one. Through the press and by announcements at meetings of the various organizations we issued a call for a census of those wishing work. From this census we selected those best fitted for "selling" and these were sent to call on citizens and solicit jobs for the unemployed. For each job secured the base pay is \$4.50 for eight hours' work. Payment for the work is made through the bank each Saturday, four dollars of the \$4.50 going to the worker and the remaining fifty cents to the "salesman." The salesman-compensation plan is the "powerhouse," for to earn five dollars a day for himself the salesman must find ten days' work for somebody else.

The local bank handles all the money. The executive officer is the clearing house for applications for workers and work, and prepares the weekly payroll for the bank. We do not compete (Continued on page 52)

NOW-A Powerful New 11-Tube Super Heterodyne \$37.50
COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED WITH LARGE DYNAMIC SPEAKER



30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Pentode Tubes Variable-Mu Tubes Automatic Volume Control

AGAIN—One of America's most famous and oldest radio manufacturers offers the Radio sensation of the year! A powerful new, 11-tube Super-Heterodyne at the amazingly low price of \$37.50—and combining all the new 1932 features—Pentode Tubes, Variable-Mu Tubes, Real Automatic Volume Control, Balanced Unit, Super Heterodyne Circuit, etc.

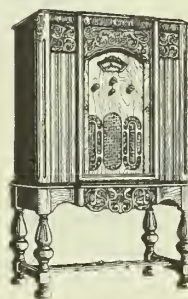
This is just one of the startling radio bargains from the great selection illustrated in the big FREE, 1932 Midwest Catalog. At our risk, entertain yourself for 30 full days absolutely FREE, then decide. Compare Midwest Radios with the costliest sets on the market. Convince yourself. We guarantee you 100% satisfaction.

Midwest can make this daring offer only because of the excellent quality and proven performance of these new and longer distance radios. If you're looking for a powerful, 11-tube Screen Grid, Super-Heterodyne with all the new features—pin-dot selectivity, and amazing new sensitivity—mail coupon immediately for FREE trial offer, and beautiful new 1932 catalog.

TERMS
as low as
\$5.00
DOWN

DEAL DIRECT WITH FACTORY

SAVE
up to 50%



Complete Line of
Consoles

The big FREE catalog beautifully illustrates the complete line of gorgeous Midwest Consoles. "Deluxe", "High-boy", and Lowboy models.

Direct to customer selling makes the surprisingly low Midwest prices possible. Know what it means to have one of the latest and most powerful radios on the market—with all the new 1932 improvements in tone, clarity, selectivity—at about half what you would pay in retail stores.

Absolute guarantee of satisfaction protects you and eliminates all risk. And don't forget—you try any set you select for 30 full days ABSOLUTELY FREE. You must be delighted. Mail coupon for beautiful new FREE catalog and complete details of FREE TRIAL, easy payment plan. You'll be amazed.

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

Dept. 44

Cincinnati, Ohio

Mail this Coupon for Complete Details and Big FREE Catalog!

Midwest Radio Corp.,
Dept. 44,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part send me your new 1932 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day free trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

() Send me SPECIAL USER AGENTS PROPOSITION.

USER AGENTS

We pay you BIG MONEY! just for showing your radio to friends and neighbors. Easy EXTRA MONEY! Check coupon for details.

How Many Years Must Your Children Depend on You?

Ten years . . . fifteen years . . . twenty years,—before they have finished their education and are making their own way in life?

No matter how many years it may be, you can be sure that the growing family will have your protection as long as they need it, if you add the new Family Income Provision to a John Hancock life insurance policy of \$5,000 or more.

This Provision guarantees your family, if you are not here to see them through, an income of \$50 a month or more until your youngest is equipped to be self-supporting.

Then their mother will receive the full face value of the policy—*intact*.

Let us tell you how you can add this Provision to old or new John Hancock policies, at a surprisingly moderate cost, which you can well afford. Send for our booklet, "Income for the Family."

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
Please send me your booklet, "Income for the Family."

Name.....
Street and No.....
City..... State.....
A. L. M.

Over Sixty-Nine Years in Business

**NEW WAY to
WASH CARS!**

**SAVES
TIME — LABOR — MONEY**

AGENTS!

Gy-ro washes cars in less than half the usual time. No soap or chemicals needed. Simply attach to ordinary garden hose. **Water Pressure does the work.** Inexpensive. Saves its cost many times over. Active agents make good money. Write now for Free Offer.

GY-RO BRUSH CO.
Dept. B-32, Bloomfield, N. J.

A REAL OPPORTUNITY!
100 per cent profit. Sensational new selling plans make success certain. Write TODAY!

**EARN BIG CASH DAILY!
SHOW FREE SAMPLES**

**Shirts
Ties
Hosiery
Underwear**

**EXTRA
CASH
BONUSES**

Manufacturer wants local representative, exceptional values, Shirts, Ties, Hose, Underwear, maker to wearer; large earnings daily. Extra Cash Bonuses regularly. Free Shirts, Ties. We start you without investment. Thousands successful. Expensive Outfit Free. Write Dept. H-2

ROSECLIFF SHIRT CO.
1237 Broadway, New York

**I Want Men
to Demonstrate**

and Earn UP TO \$90 a Week

If you are tired of working for the other fellow, if you want to get into a new profitable business of your own, write me at once. I'll put you into the Paint Business in a big way—back you with unlimited stock—show you how to make a success.

A NEW KIND OF WORK

You invest no money of your own. You pay nothing for outfits or samples. **EVEN COLD TURKEY CANVASSING IS UNNECESSARY.** Similar positions in other counties paying men \$50.00 to \$90.00 weekly. Write me personally about yourself giving 3 references. B. J. DAVIS, Pres., Davis Paint Co., Desk 16, Kansas City, Mo.

For the Man Next Door

(Continued from page 51)

with established businesses or with the building trades. This is essential. The chief of police decides any questions arising from this angle.

VERNE O. REED POST
Bloomfield, Iowa

CONDUCT a survey of the county, with the help of the public school teachers, to learn if a need for organized relief work exists.

Assuming relief work is needed it will be undertaken by the Legion and Auxiliary jointly.

Avoid publicity until the survey is far enough along to prove the need for the proposed relief work.

When ready for it, make use of the local papers' offers of unlimited space for publicity.

Publish a statement supported by the results of the survey so the public will understand the conditions. Ask the public for clothing, food, and money.

Publish every week or so the names of donors and the nature of the donation so that full public acknowledgment is made for everything received.

Accept the offer of the Davis County Republican and Bloomfield Democrat to use their office as a receiving station.

Accept the offer of the Public Library Board of a suitable room to be used as a store-room.

Scrutinize all cases named for relief.

Visit homes as much as possible to check on recommendations, and to get detailed information so the exact kinds and sizes of clothing may be supplied.

Use donations of food for immediate relief, but bring serious food cases to the attention of other permanent agencies.

Make the distribution of clothes the most important effort. Use donated money chiefly to make purchases when donated clothing fails to yield the needed garments or sizes.

Co-operate with any other local organization that carries on relief work.

ROSCOE FRYE POST
Sapulpa, Oklahoma

"A DAY'S wage for a friend in need." This slogan implies the sum, the need, and above all that it is a voluntary contribution.

Assessments or any plan bordering on compulsion will at once defeat the purpose, as we have sadly experienced here. A plea must be made that will appeal to the imagination.

We believe the public has confidence in The American Legion and knows that any sum paid to it for disbursement will be more than properly accounted for. This eliminates opinion that some citizen is profiting one way or another by his wel-

fare work. This post does not permit the naming of any Legionnaire in press reports of Legion activities, and that alone works wonders with public confidence.

We also believe that any money collected should be paid out in wages (some cases excepted), as we find many urgent cases where the stigma of the word "charity" prohibits that particular person asking for aid. But that same person is glad to perform a moderate amount of labor on the parks, streets, public improvements, etc., collect the wage that he has earned, buy his needs and live at peace with himself, his family and his community; he can then look everyone squarely in the eye. A dollar or a dollar and a half per day is sufficient, and is not setting a wage scale.

The money contributed then accomplishes the purpose and also completes the cycle as it finds its way back to the donor for his use and benefit.

WILLIAM A. LEONARD POST
Flushing, New York

FOR a number of years it was the fond hope, the most cherished dream of every member, for this post to build a club house of its own—a memorial in honor of our soldier dead, a community center that would be the proud boast of every citizen in this town. Toward that end we established a building fund from a minstrel show we gave some years ago. This was increased each year from the part proceeds of the various forms of entertainment this post sponsored. While this sum was not large, it was regarded as secure and could only be used for one purpose, the erection of a building. At a recent meeting, after hearing pitiful accounts of the sufferings of the unemployed and the discrimination against veterans by the relief and welfare agencies of this city, this post decided to open its own employment office, whereby odd jobs could be secured for veterans, using our building fund to underwrite this project.

Through the kindness of the comptroller of the Flushing Savings Bank and a member of this post we were given office space gratis. The editor of the local newspaper, also a post member, is giving us the necessary publicity. One of our members, an experienced employment manager, himself unemployed, was placed in charge. A local welfare agency supplied us with a young lady as a typist assistant.

Our funds running low, we put over a football game on Thanksgiving Day, two local teams giving their services, the general public supporting us by a large attendance at this event. Plans are under way for a gigantic card party next month to keep this fund replenished. The following month a theater party benefit.

Jobs are obtained for the applicants registered through the local business and

civic associations; our employment manager attends all their meetings; through telephoning, and soliciting the home owners and business houses through the mails, giving them a list of suggested odd jobs. Our own members not only voluntarily taxed themselves for the financial support of this undertaking, but requested their friends to create odd jobs about their homes.

WILMINGTON POST *Wilmington, California*

WILMINGTON POST has barrels stenciled "American Legion Barrel" scattered throughout the city in grocery stores for the reception of foodstuffs. These barrels are picked up by our Toonerville Trolley and the contents turned over to the Salvation Army, which has been designated by the post as the distributing agency.

The first two weeks of this campaign netted over 1,000 articles of food, a very good showing for a city of 15,000 which includes a large proportion of foreign born. Incidentally the post is conducting a large amount of Americanism work among this foreign element.

In co-operation with a local theater a special Saturday morning matinee was run for children with admission one article of food. This netted 450 pieces of provisions.

Through the activity of our Adjutant the local meat markets are also daily donating large supplies of meat which are being distributed by the post to the various schools for use in feeding children who are unable to buy lunches.

ARTHUR J. MATHENY POST *Chandler, Oklahoma*

CONTACT men or assistant service officers are appointed in every community center and every township to make reports both on the unemployed and needy ex-serviceman and non-ex-service man, and also any jobs where men are needed by contractor or farmer.

By this method of cataloguing the unemployed ex-service or non-ex-serviceman, and the type of work he can do, and the jobs and type of help needed, we bring the man and the job together locally.

The Auxiliaries have made a survey of the city, as to needy homes and underprivileged school children, with the plan of seeing to it that no child remains out of school on account of lack of clothes or shoes. At the Community Chest clothes and shoes may be secured from the central supply.

A noon meal is furnished of warm nourishing character, for these underprivileged children, to be served at the school building, thereby protecting them from exposure at noon hour as well as assuring that the child gets one properly prepared meal.

LELAND M. BARNETT POST *Norwood, Ohio*

WE have had printed several thousand forms and have divided our mem-

bership of approximately 300 into groups, each group headed by a captain, who has been assigned a certain district comprising so many square blocks in the city of Norwood. He in turn has allotted, in many cases, one city block to each one of his workers. The plan is to make a canvass of the entire city, covering every home.

The most destitute cases we immediately turn over to the local service league for assistance and furnish what assistance we can in the way of food, which is being donated by the members of the post. We have several boxes for this purpose and each member is constantly reminded to bring some canned goods or non-perishable eatables upon each visit to the post. We are particularly interested in the ex-serviceman and are giving special attention to unemployed ex-servicemen.

BOWEN-FRANKLIN-KNOX POST *Fredericksburg, Virginia*

DESIGNATE Wednesday of each week as American Legion Charity Day. On this day, the housewife, when ordering her groceries, may request the grocer to include some item for charity. This item may be a can of beans, sugar, corn meal, flour, or anything she desires to donate. The grocer will have a space designated for charity, with a sign showing what it's all about. Every Thursday, the post unemployment committee will request the grocers to deliver all items donated to a certain specified place, either the Salvation Army headquarters or other point. They will check all items with the grocer's delivery ticket. The goods collected may be distributed by the Salvation Army or direct to the destitute families by the committee.

The grocer can use his judgment in regard to the articles supplied and in the event he finds a great many more of one article being ordered, he may substitute other articles of the same value and thus get a better variety of food.

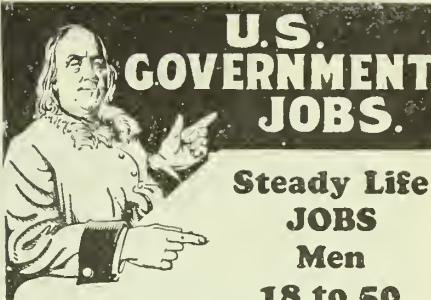
The plan above outlined will give immediate results, increase the retail grocer's business and will not work a hardship on anyone, as the donations are voluntary.

We hereby certify that the above plan, as far as we know, was originally inaugurated by this post, beginning January 14, 1931, with excellent results. With this plan from ten to fifteen families each week were cared for from January until April, 1931. This plan will also be started again Wednesday, January 6, 1932.

PAUL DIXON POST *Mystic, Iowa*

OUR unemployment and community welfare plan, we think, is good for our city of 2,000 people. First, we have an employment committee and agency whereby the unemployed are given jobs, as the jobs come in. We have a list of men who get the work as their turns come.

Our hall is open every Saturday all day for people (Continued on page 54)



U.S. GOVERNMENT JOBS.

Steady Life JOBS Men 18 to 50

\$1260 to \$3400 A YEAR

PICK YOUR JOB

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

\$1,900 TO \$2,700 A YEAR

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2,700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.



MANY SPRING EXAMINATIONS EXPECTED

Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees, have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. Many Spring examinations expected.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and \$2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

IMMIGRANT INSPECTOR—CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

Salary \$2,100 to commence. Work connected with Immigration and Customs examination of incoming passengers from foreign countries.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,100 TO \$2,700 A YEAR?

YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.

This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. M-184, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me all about preference given to ex-service men.

- ☐ Railway Postal Clerk (\$1,900-\$2,700)
- ☐ Post Office Clerk (\$1,700-\$2,300)
- ☐ City Mail Carrier (\$1,700-\$2,100)
- ☐ Rural Mail Carrier (\$2,100-\$3,400)
- ☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk (\$1,260-\$2,500)
- ☐ Immigrant Inspector (\$2,100-\$3,000)
- ☐ Inspector of Customs (\$2,100-\$3,300)

Name

Address

Use This Coupon Before You Miss It.

You can easily take 5 SIMPLE STEPS to Your Own Drum Corps



LUDWIG has made it possible for any interested person to form a successful drum corps and have it ready for a creditable public appearance *six weeks from now!* The whole plan is arranged in five simple steps, easy to follow, and insuring success—because every step is built upon our years of experience in organizing and equipping successful corps.

Send coupon now for our new book, "Here They Come," explaining the 5-step plan in detail, and showing scores of successful Ludwig-equipped drum corps. No obligation.

LUDWIG & LUDWIG

Ludwig Bldg. 123-C, N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send details of the 5-step plan for drum corps.

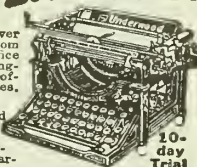
Name _____
City _____ State _____

TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Save over 1/2-Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. Fully Guaranteed. Sent on 10 days' trial. **SEND NO MONEY.** Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greater bargains ever offered. Send at once!!

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 241 Chicago



Sell Shirts

SPECIAL OFFERS

Represent manufacturer of Shirts, Ties, Hose, Underwear. Beat store competition on price and value both. Startling Free Offers make orders come easy. You earn big money: Cash commissions, Free Shirts, Cash Bonuses. Write TODAY for Giant Outfit Free! Dept. F-27

ALBERT SHIRT CO.
860 Sixth Ave. New York

GET BIG PAY with FREE OUTFIT

SAVE ON TIRES!

GOOD YEAR Goodrich Firestone AND OTHER TIRES

12 MONTH WRITTEN GUARANTY BOND sent with each tire you purchase. ORDER TODAY SAVE MONEY.

DEALERS WANTED	FREE SPARK PLUGS See offer Below NEW LOW TIRE PRICES NEW GUARANTEED TUBES	BALLOON TIRES Size Rim Tires Tubes	Reg. CORD Tires Size Tires Tubes
		28x4.40-21** \$2.30 \$0.95	30x3 \$2.20 \$0.80
		29x4.50-20** 2.40 .95	30x3 1/2 2.25 .85
		30x4.50-21** 2.45 .95	31x4 2.95 .95
		28x4.75-19** 2.45 1.00	32x4 2.95 .95
		29x4.75-20** 2.50 1.00	33x4 2.95 .95
		29x5.00-19** 2.95 1.20	32x4 1/2 3.20 1.35
		30x5.00-20** 2.95 1.20	33x4 1/2 3.20 1.35
		28x5.25-18** 2.95 1.25	34x4 3.45 1.35
		29x5.25-19** 2.95 1.25	30x5 3.60 1.60
		30x5.25-20** 2.95 1.25	33x5 3.60 1.60
		31x5.25-21** 3.10 1.25	
		28x5.50-18** 3.20 1.30	
		29x5.50-19** 3.20 1.30	
		30x5.00-18** 3.20 1.30	
		31x6.00-19** 3.20 1.30	
		32x6.00-20** 3.20 1.35	
		33x6.00-21** 3.20 1.35	
		32x6.50-20** 3.50 1.65	

Send \$1 Deposit with each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct \$2.00. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at 1/2 price. Order today—save money.

12-MONTHS SERVICE GUARANTEED
Midland Tire & Rubber Co., Dept. 2054
1000-10 West Sixty-Third Street, Chicago, Illinois

For the Man Next Door

(Continued from page 53)

to bring in their donations, such as food, clothing, or any article of any value that can be sold. The proceeds are carefully spent for clothing for the children, whom we must take care of above all. We have two committeemen working in three wards. It is their duty to find out the condition of the poor, to see that they get the proper clothing and food. Home talent plays and charity dances are also given.

SILVER BOW POST

Butte, Montana

WE are mindful that the hours of the work day must be leveled to where there will be room for a job for every individual. And we are mindful that there must be a flexibility in the plans that will allow for a fluctuation to meet high and low tides of business activity. We are surely mindful that it is most impractical to contemplate a permanent national and community charity to take care of the ever increasing need of the unemployed. Only as an emergency must the thought be accepted.

Therefore, as a constructive program we recommend to every Legion post that they carefully analyze the situation in their respective communities, seriously contend for a program which most nearly conforms to our national program, as outlined in the Detroit convention, as we are well aware that there are local circumstances which alter cases in many different localities.

In our own particular community, where the major portion of the people of Butte are employed in mines, a six-hour work day is, we believe, impractical, as it takes considerable time to hoist and lower a crew in deep mines, and all of the advantage would be lost in time, trouble and an added overhead expense of operation.

We are glad that we can report that the companies have voluntarily adopted a plan that most nearly conforms to our program, a program of full force part time, rather than part force full time, which is fast being adopted by all of the employers of this community.

KNOXVILLE POST

Knoxville, Tennessee

ORGANIZE local "Stretcher Bearers." The function of the stretcher bearers will be to carry destitute individuals and families until it is possible to bring them to a point of self support through the medium of employment opportunities.

In every Legion post there must be one or more members able and willing to carry the pack of a tottering citizen. Where an individual Legionnaire cannot do this a group of two or three or more may jointly undertake to see to it that John Smith and his family of three, or Sam Brown and his family of five, shall not suffer for the want

of shelter and warmth and food during the winter. The Associated Charities and welfare organizations of our various cities and communities are able to tell us, as a result of the investigations of their social workers, just what families and individuals must be taken care of during the winter, what supplies and quantities of each are required each month to take adequate care of any particular family. A Legionnaire who wishes to give himself the abiding satisfaction to be derived from such services to his fellow man, may go to the Associated Charities in his city and get from them a list of a number of their dependent families and then by personal visits select for himself the family whose good angel he wishes to constitute himself. When he has made his decision to do this he can go back to the Associated Charities and say to them, "You may forget this family. I will see to it that there is no suffering by its members this winter."

If individual Legionnaires able to assume the load of an entire family, and groups of two or three Legionnaires not able individually to assume the load of a family, do this, then the position of other Legionnaires unable to share any of their own funds or income, is strong for going out and organizing a similar effort upon the part of citizens other than those who served in the war.

HOLLIS-BELLAIRE POST

Hollis, New York

IN the locality of Hollis-Bellaire Post, we had the co-operation of the Boy Scout troop to assist us in ringing door bells, asking the owner of the home if he would be willing to part with ten cents a day to have an unemployed man of the community come to his home every morning to sweep the sidewalks and bring the garbage outside. We average thirty-four houses to the block, which yields the individual three dollars and forty cents a day. We have placed four of our veterans to work under the above plan.

Plans are being arranged whereby we can spread the news of this constructive work to all parts of our community

AUXILIARY UNIT,
HENRY HANSON POST
Richey, Montana

OUR town is 330 in population and besides a general depression we also received an overdose of drought last year. Some farmers never raised potatoes or chicken feed.

We conduct a relief station for used clothing. We made a house-to-house canvass at first. We completely outfitted thirty children so they could attend school. They have to go from one to three miles. We have given out clothes to ninety more

regardless of who they are or where they come from. One mother drove thirty-five miles in a lumber wagon—took her five hours to get here—asking for clothes for school children, and I am here to say the Auxiliary did not disappoint her. A few articles keep coming. Some we have to wash and mend. Now, understand, we are doing this alone—no other organization has helped in any way. We spent \$25 for dentist work for a family of five of an ex-service man. He was in the hospital at the time. This was from our Sunshine fund. Said fund consists of the ten cents per member each meeting.

Our box of fruit and jelly is ready to go to Fort Harrison, Helena. We gave our Legion post \$20 as they needed it. We sent a box of apples to a rural teacher so she could hand them out at noon to a family of five Russian children whose lunch consisted mostly of bread. We are going to send out a half case of canned milk so she can make hot soup or cocoa at noon. We paid a month's rent of five dollars for October for a family, then secured a little work for the mother so she could live in here and keep one girl in high school and two in grades. They live five miles from schools. We are loaning \$25 next week to an expectant mother so she can come into town for medical care, as they live fifteen miles out and roads are bad, snow gets deep. We always send \$20 to Fort Harrison hospital every Christmas for distribution to patients.

We made our money this fall by giving a minstrel show, dance, and serving supper and raffled a fruit chest. We realized \$204 after all expenses were paid.

DAN TALLON POST
New York City

THE Dan Tallon Post is a large organization numbering to date almost 1400 members, all of whom are Postal employees. They are handicapped inasmuch as regulations will not permit their soliciting in any manner either openly or otherwise and as their salaries are too small to allow any large personal contributions they hit upon the idea of sacrificing one day's pay in the interest of the unemployed. The idea, as we hoped it would, took root with the other postal organizations and it was decided to make it a city-wide affair throughout the New York Post Office. Committees were formed with a representative from each organization and the plan made known to all employees, pledges were obtained and distributed, placards and letters posted in the various rest rooms and men delegated to make collections.

The Postmaster had the extreme pleasure of notifying Mr. Gibson, Chairman of the New York Emergency Unemployment Committee, that the employees of the New York Post Office had pledged themselves to contribute \$92,000 (don't mistake the amount) ninety-two thousand dollars.

An acorn grew into an oak.

The Dan Tallon Post members alone contributed almost one-tenth of the above

amount in addition to being a party to the main idea that netted the above sum total.

AUXILIARY UNIT,
ROY V. KINARD POST
El Dorado, Arkansas

HERE is an outline of a workable system for the relief of unemployment—based upon experience during the winter of 1930 and 1931.

1. Zone the territory to be worked.
2. Appoint committee for each zone.
3. Committee to take census.
4. Post have storage and dispensing headquarters presided over by service officer.
5. Benefit sales and dances etc., conducted by Auxiliaries.

GEORGE E. DIGNAM POST
Fairfield, Ohio

SELL U. S. Depression Bonds at about 4% interest along the lines of the Liberty Loan Bonds to the extent of about seven or eight billions. This would loosen the frozen assets as all people with money are looking for a safe investment. Build eight super-highways, four from East to West and four from North to South, all four-lane highways. Roads to favor no particular localities, but to miss cities and towns as much as possible. No contracts to be let, materials and labor to be secured locally. Construction on all parts of highways to go on at one time. Labor wages to be fifty cents per hour. Engineers to be hired at a set figure. Materials to be purchased at a set figure in advance of present price, near the normal price. We estimate such highways might cost an average of \$200,000 per mile, the total for the eight about five billions. Fifty percent additional should be provided for maintenance. Bonds to be paid by luxury tax the same as Liberty Bonds were paid.

These steps would be drastic but the situation is critical. These roads would stimulate travel, marketing, and would be of inestimable value as military roads in case of war. These roads would undoubtedly save lives by relieving our narrow congested roads of through traffic, and will eventually be built anyway at probably a great deal higher cost. Why not now?

Any plan to relieve the depression in order to be of maximum value should be one that can be put in operation with the least possible delay. In other words, one that will wipe out all unemployment at once, and start all the unemployed to earning wages. The following enlargement of the above outlined plan is offered.

That the President declare a national emergency. That we have a national registration of all people. That a universal industrial draft be made and all unemployed be drafted into cantonments. One cantonment in each State through which a super-highway is to pass. That these draftees be paid approximately \$100 per month and given board, lodging and clothes. That (Continued on page 56)

U.S. GOV'T POSITIONS

for CITY and COUNTRY MEN and WOMEN—18 to 50

IN or OUTSIDE WORK LOCAL or TRAVELING



Gov't Positions are not affected by hard times, strikes, politics, etc. You can draw twelve months' pay every year and have a liberal vacation with pay. No more worry about the depression when you work one Uncle Sam. Check the position you want below—it belongs to you just as much as to anyone else. It is your own fault if you do not get it. Fill out and mail the coupon today! And full particulars will be sent you at once.

SPECIAL AGENTS
(Investigators) Start \$200 Month
Government Secret Service Work is one of the most fascinating branches of the Service. These positions located throughout the country are both traveling and stationary. Salaries up to \$5,000 yearly, and all traveling expenses paid while on the road.

OUTDOOR POSITIONS
Ideal, healthy, fascinating employment, where you can enjoy the forests, plains, and mountain trails, sunshine, and pure air. Duties are patrolling our borders, delivering mail on rural routes, and in cities and towns, etc.

RURAL AND CITY CARRIERS
\$1,400 to \$3,000 Year
The Rural Mail Carrier has easy, healthy outside work, short hours, with a large part of the day left to do as he pleases. Thousands of city positions for those who prefer inside work, delivering mail in office buildings. These positions open to both country and city people.

MEAT INSPECTORS
\$1,500 to \$1,860 Year and Up
This is interesting work. Farmers, butchers, or anyone with a knowledge of live stock, food products, meats, etc., are in line for one of these positions. Salaries and promotions splendid. Both men and women are eligible.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERK
\$1,850 to \$2,700 Year
These positions are both traveling and stationary. When traveling you receive an extra allowance when away from home more than ten hours; and when you grow old you are retired with a comfortable pension for the balance of your life.

CUSTOMS INSPECTORS
\$2,100 Year to Start
The duties are to check and inspect goods brought into this country, levy the duties, etc., and see that Customs Regulations are not violated. This is very fascinating work, with splendid salaries.







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INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 460, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me immediately **FREE** full particulars about positions marked "X". Also your big list of other positions obtainable, salaries, locations, how to qualify, opportunities, etc.

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Address.....

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A. E. KUNDERD, 111 Lincoln Way West, Goshen, Ind.
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Come to California where many of the famous Radio Stars make their homes—where the great laboratories of the American Television Corp. are located—where hundreds of trained sound Engineers and Mechanics are employed in the Studios of Hollywood Scores of good jobs opening up—and you can prepare for them in 4 months of practical shop work in the great National Television, Talking Picture and Radio Shops.

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Don't PEEL POTATOES

Agents!

This is brand new! Going like wild-fire! Offers a real chance for \$100 a week. Spare-time and full-time sales plans offered. Jump in on the ground floor! Write quick for big money plans and Free Outfit offer.



A amazing new automatic invention now makes potatoes peel themselves! No more paring knives! No cut fingers! No mess, muss or waste! Here's something every woman understands and wants the instant she even hears about it! A mechanical marvel, almost incredibly small and simple, yet does more than ten pairs of hands! Peels the biggest potato in only a few seconds at the mere turn of a crank! Costs little more than a couple of good paring knives. Pays for itself many times over in saving on potatoes. Test it yourself at once. Write now. Ask quick for Introductory Offer.

GUARANTY PRODUCTS CO., Dept. B-151 Francis Bldg., Washington at 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

For the Man Next Door

(Continued from page 55)

they be under Army Engineers and Army discipline during the period of the emergency. That as our industrial concerns return to normal and require labor they make application for men from their localities and these men be mustered out to fill permanent jobs.

SPENCER-KELLY POST
Tarrytown, New York

MACHINERY has made our country and machinery has almost ruined our country. To relieve the crisis of unemployment we must revolutionize and go back to the time of man power. Immense machines, ditch diggers, steam shovels, cranes, trench fillers, farm tractors and numerous other machines at work, taking the place of thousands of men.

Legion posts should recommend to town, county, city and State officials that men be employed wherever possible instead of machinery. It is true that some work cannot be done by man, but it is also true that sixty percent can and should be done by man. If towns, counties, cities and States in subletting contracts specified using men to advantage instead of some machinery the unemployment situation would be relieved.

THE American Legion Monthly's Employment Competition, first announced

in the December issue of this magazine, is open to any post of The American Legion. Conditions of the competition are as follows:

To the post of The American Legion submitting the most workable, most adaptable local program for meeting the unemployment crisis The American Legion Monthly will award an original bronze sculpture, to be the permanent possession of the winning post in the competition.

The contest will continue until further notice.

Plans as submitted to the Monthly must be outlined in not more than three hundred words. Supplementary data, also of no more than three hundred words, may be filed later in the competition. Each post, therefore, is limited to an original report of three hundred words and one other report of three hundred words.

Both the original outline and the supplementary report must bear the attest of the Post Commander and the Post Adjutant.

The editors of The American Legion Monthly and the members of the Legion's National Employment Commission will act as judges in the contest, although the roster of judges may be increased.

Send in your Post's program now. Address Employment Competition, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MAKING JOBS by HELPING BUSINESS

AFTER a conference with President Hoover early in December, at which he discussed with the President the Legion's legislative program, National Commander Stevens announced that the imperative activity of the Legion this year will be the promotion of better conditions as the best means of increasing employment. Mr. Stevens told President Hoover that the Legion's National Employment Commission would give full co-operation to the President's own committee on relief and the employment division of the Department of Labor.

National Commander Stevens also announced that he would personally act as chairman of the Legion's National Employment Commission and that commanding figures of industry, labor, transportation and other elements of our national life were being asked to serve on the commission. He said that among those who had accepted appointments are: General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Kermit Roosevelt, vice president of the International Mercantile Marine; Colby M. Chester, president of the General Foods Corporation; Marshall Field, 3d, Chicago mercantile leader; George L. Berry, head of the International Pressman's Union; Palmer E. Pierce, assistant to the president, Standard Oil

Company of New York, and Percy Tetlow of the United Mine Workers of America.

At a meeting in January, the National Employment Commission was to prepare plans for redoubling the Legion's campaign against unemployment, particularly by the stimulation of business and industry. The commission was also to study reports of the conspicuous work already done by departments and posts.

Late in December National Commander Stevens requested all posts to help get needed public works to the building stage. He said that in some sections the need for public improvements has not been brought to the attention of federal, state and municipal governments, and in many instances improvements authorized are not being speeded up to provide employment.

"The members of The American Legion, in keeping with the national employment policy, are urged to take the initiative in bringing pressure to bear to start the wheels turning," Mr. Stevens said. "Public demand will speed up this work, and I have confidence that the Legion can and will take the lead in getting new programs authorized and old ones to the stage where they will really provide jobs."

National Commander Stevens' appeal was contained in a letter he addressed to department employment officers.



"Boy, look at them gold inlays!"

Tenere la Destra

(Continued from page 36)

covered with a coat of sand, and nearly every night we had to carry our bunks out into the street and give everything a good shaking before going to bed.

"One thing which happened in our outfit makes me wonder if anything like it was ever done in another outfit. Along in May, 1918, an order came to our battery for fifty men to go overseas as casualties. None but privates were to go—non-coms being reduced to the grade of private, if selected. Since everyone wanted to go, this plan was adopted: All dog tags were placed in a hat, they were shaken up well and then drawn from the hat, one at a time. The first fifty drawn designated the men to go. After the drawing, there was some little trading, but most of those chosen stood pat.

"The group, including me, left Cody about the tenth of June, sailing for France on June 28, 1918, where later I became a member of Supply Company, 108th Field Artillery."

IT IS quite an interesting coincidence that just before this issue of the Monthly was going to press, we received a letter from Legionnaire Lester Kelly of Clarence, Iowa, who served with Company D, 133d Infantry, 34th Division, in which he introduces a subject about which all of our readers will want to learn more. Probably our comrades of the Legion in France may be able to throw some light on the matter.

Kelly enclosed a clipping from a copy of *Trench and Camp* of the war days, which we reprint, and states that he was "just

wondering what has become of these two orphans and if this fund is still available to them." Here is the news story:

CAMP DIX, N. J.—Little Jean and Marie Jegou, who were left orphans when their father, Lieutenant Jean Jegou, was killed in a motor accident at Camp Cody, have been formally adopted as wards of the "Sandstorm Division," to which the dead lieutenant had been assigned as a foreign instructor.

The big-hearted Westerners completed the collection of a \$12,000 subscription for the children. The cash was invested at once in Liberty bonds, through a New York bank, with the stipulation that the children should draw the interest annually until they attain their majority, when they may collect the principal.

Lieutenant Jegou and Lieutenant Ferdinand Herber were killed in a peculiar accident before the "Sandstormers" left Cody for Camp Dix. On a motor trip they were overtaken by a storm. Attempting to ford a stream their car was swallowed by quicksand. The two officers, thrown from the car, were drowned and their bodies were discovered in the dry bed of the stream, twenty-five miles away, the next morning.

The soldiers, with whom the officers were extremely popular, learned that the family of Lieutenant Jegou was left practically destitute. It is the hope of the "Sandstormers" that fate may put their division near the little town in France in which their wards are living, that they may meet them personally.

Kelly adds: "It might also be of interest to many to know that not all soldiers were buried on land. The First Battalion of the 133d Infantry sailed from New York on September 16, 1918, with some 900 soldiers aboard the English transport *Helenus*. During the fourteen-day trip, thirty-one soldiers died of the flu, twenty-four being buried at sea and the remainder in England. Every afternoon at four o'clock, the whole convoy of fourteen ships would stop for a few minutes while we buried our dead. Not a (Continued on page 58)



GETTING A LINE ON HIS BOYS

Billiards holds and attracts youth, in a healthy, wholesome manner. It provides a pleasant means for fathers to maintain a relationship with their sons which will benefit both, and which both will enjoy. Now, Brunswick manufactures a popular priced line of Billiard Tables for the home—Brunswick Junior Playmates—priced at \$6.50 and up—complete with all playing equipment—at leading stores everywhere. Mail the coupon below for illustrated catalog and complete information.

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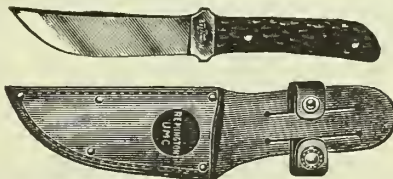
Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send me your "Home Magnet", a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables, and name and address of authorized Brunswick Dealer.

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Men and women wanted to represent manufacturer locally. Earn Big Money. Pleasant work. One Year Guarantee. Amazingly Low Prices. Sensational Merchandizing Ideas get orders—5 Pair Hose \$1.00, 3 Underwear \$1.00, 3 Ties \$1.00. Other great bargains. No experience needed. Free Sales Outfit. Dept. S-2

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MEN—18 to 50

STEADY WORK

Short Hours

COMMON EDUCATION USUALLY SUFFICIENT

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Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay steady positions now obtainable. Send FREE 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and full particulars on how to get a position. Tell me all about preference given to Ex-Service men.

Name.....

Address.....

Tenere la Destra

(Continued from page 57)

soldier was sick when we left New York. One private in our company reported his squad as follows: 'Corporal in the guard house, three dead and three on sick list.' About forty men of our company were carried to a hospital when we landed in England."

ANNOUNCEMENTS of reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations will be listed in this department provided information regarding them is sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks before the month in which the activity is scheduled. Detailed information regarding the activities listed below may be obtained from the men whose names and addresses follow the announcements.

The following reunions will be held in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Portland, Oregon, September 12th to 15th:

VETERANS OF THE 31ST RAILWAY ENGINEERS, A. E. F.—F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 113 First ave., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

39TH RAILWAY ENGRS.—B. E. Ryan, secy., 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Nicholas Salowich, pres., 1401 Barlum Tower, Detroit, or C. L. Lewellen, 4865 Newport ave., Detroit.

93D AERO SQDRN.—John W. Schmatz, Harbine, Nebr.

23D ENGRS., Co. F, TRUCK Co. 4, 2d BN. 11q.—John H. D. Smith, Orondo, Wash., or Robt. Z. Bea-com, editor, *The Squawk*, Wendel, Penn.

Timely notices of other activities of veterans' organizations follow:

29TH (BLUE AND GRAY) DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion at Norfolk, Va., during Sept. Fairfield H. Hodges, pres., 107 W. Main st., Norfolk, or H. J. Lepper, secy., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—Annual reunion at Los Angeles, Calif., July 13-15. Men not receiving *Rainbow Reveille*, address Fred R. Kerlin, 1021 Van Nuys bldg., Los Angeles.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion aboard the S. S. *Leviathan*, Pier 4, Hoboken, N. J., Feb. 11. For particulars of smoker and proposed pilgrimage to France in 1933, write to John Kennedy, secy., 208 W. 19th st., New York City.

72D INF., 11th Div.—Former members interested in proposed reunion, write to John F. Kirschbaum, 869 N. Farnson st., Philadelphia, Pa.

102D INF., 26th Div.—Second annual reunion, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 6. H. B. Bissell, pres., State Armory, Hartford, Conn.

308TH INF. POST, A. L., 77th Div.—Annual reunion and dinner, Mar. 12, honoring Past Comdr., Col. L. S. Breckenridge; guest, Col. N. K. Averill. L. Roth, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

M. G. Co., 108TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Eight annual reunion in Rochester, N. Y., Mar. 26. James A. Edwards, 41 Ferguson st., Buffalo, N. Y.

PIONEER INF. OFFICERS ASSOC.—Organization meeting and first reunion at Jamestown, N. Y., during summer. E. B. Briggs, actg. adjt., *The Jamestown Journal*, Jamestown.

168TH INF., Co. F—Annual reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Mar. 5. Roger Fox, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

127TH INF., Co. D, 32d Div.—Men who were in company between June 17 and July 19, 1918, while on duty in Haute-Alsace sector, France, are requested to send names and addresses at once to Chaplain Gustav Stearns, 1727 S. 30th st., Milwaukee, Wis.

131ST INF., Co. M—Annual banquet in Chicago, Ill., during last week in Feb. J. B. Carle, care of Marshall Field & Co., Dept. 38, 222 North Bank drive, Chicago.

361ST INF., Co. I, 91st Div.—Men interested in reunion, write Melvin Miller, 744 N. Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

364TH INF., Co. B—Second reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., May 7. Loren A. Butts, 418 City Hall, Los Angeles.

306TH M. G. BN. POST, A. L.—Annual reunion dinner at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Feb. 20. George Temme, adjt., 28 E. 39th st., New York.

109TH M. G. BN., 28TH DIV.—Former members interested in annual reunion of division write to H. II. Barnhart, care of Veterans Administration, Federal bldg., Harrisburg, Pa.

114TH M. G. BN.—A reprint of the battalion history, including maps, many pictures, battle orders, casualty lists, diary, rosters, etc., is proposed, if sufficient orders are obtained for the book at five dollars

each. Former members are requested to report late information regarding men of battalion, and to list their orders with Oscar L. Farris, secy., 201 Chamber of Commerce, Nashville, Tenn.

61ST F. A., BTRY. F—Annual banquet, Savannah, Ga., Feb. 22. P. A. Barr, 1 E. Gordon st., Savannah.

109TH F. A., Hq. Co., 28TH DIV.—Reunion at Wilkes Barre, Pa., Feb. 22. O. L. (Bolo) Martin, Box 273, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

57TH COAST ART.—History of the regiment is awaiting delivery to a number of former members who subscribed but have since moved. They are requested to report to Robert S. Allyn, 41 Park Row, New York City, to obtain their books.

64TH ART., BTRY. C, C. A. C.—Reunion at Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 27-28. H. E. (Sudds) Sutherland, 26 E. 14th st., Indianapolis.

108TH ENGRS. AND 108TH F. S. BN., 33d Div.—Annual reunion and banquet at Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 20. Engrs. write Leroy Beach, care of Northwestern Trust Co., Chicago; Signalmen, John H. Plattner, 111 W. Monroe st., Chicago.

210TH AERO SQDRN.—Men interested in proposed reunion this year, write to Fred W. O'Brien, 1304 W. Washington st., Champaign, Ill.

THIRD BALLOON CO.—Proposed letter reunion. Make report to H. L. Gillett, 3012 Dudley st., Lincoln, Nebr., who will assemble letters and pass them on to other members.

302D BN., Co. A, TANK CORPS—To complete roster and receive notices of activities, former members write to Walter R. Titzel, Jr., 11 S. La Salle st., Chicago, Ill.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Organization of men of M. T. C. Repair Units 301, 302, 303, 327, and attached units, perfected. Former members report to Hilmer Gellein, P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich., for information regarding organization and 1932 reunion.

M. T. Co., 346—To complete roster, report to Charles (Hot) Grimes, Derby, Iowa.

MOTOR SUP. TRAIN 406—1932 reunion to be held in Portland, Oregon. Robert R. Morgan, P. O. Box 207, Sta. A, Palo Alto, Calif.

DETENTION CAMP 15, CAMP GREENLEAF, GA., AND **MED. DET.**, HOSP. 35, WEST BADEN, IND., 1918—Proposed reunion. F. A. Duvall, Box 34, Bantam, Ohio.

U. S. A. A.—Former members who served in Italy, interested in reunion, write L. A. Twomey, care of American Legion, 209 N. LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.

S. S. Moreni—Former members of Navy gun crew interested in letter reunion, address Ross A. Liddle, Dexter, N. Y.

PLATTSBURG CAMP ALUMNI—Ex-students interested in proposed "Society of Plattsburg" and reunion in Feb., address James N. MacLean, Civitan Club, 84 William st., New York City.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

RY. ENGRS., French Barracks, Perigeaux, France—Irvin P. SCOTT, No. 1, requires statements from engineer known as No. 2, Det. 65 Co., who went to Bassens Terminal and remembers Scott having fallen into cinder pit Oct. 4, 1918.

BASE HOSP., No. 48, Mars, France—Former nurses DANKOWITZ, NOLAN and MARTINI, and Capt. MILLER who remember WALLACE DICKERSON, Pvt., Co. II, 115th Inf., as a patient in Ward 1.

6TH Co., 157TH DEPOT BRIG.—Statements from men who remember Eugene W. NOWELL, between Sept. 1 and Nov., 1918.

309TH SUP. Co., 78TH DIV.—Officers, nurses and men who recall accident to P. McDONALD while in France.

16TH INF., Co. K, 1ST DIV.—Former members, including Cpls. WILLIAMS (Tenn.) and WATTS (Ohio), Bugler Cpl. WILSON (N. Y.) and Pvts. Fred PUTMAN or PUTNAM (Ohio) and WILSON (Wisc.) who recall disability to former Cpl. Fred A. POOLE.

15TH Co., C. A. C.—Former members, including Theodore BRITTON, John E. PARSONS, William DEEMS and ROSS KENNEDY (all of Indiana), and John M. WILSON of St. Louis, Mo., who recall former Pvt. John A. KEATON who suffered illness and disability at Ft. Pickens, Fla., and Ft. Barrancas, Fla., between May, 1908, and July, 1909.

FERREE, Samuel G.—Medium complexion, light scar over right eye and on index finger. Served with Co. B, 106th Engrs., A. E. F. Missing. Estate to be settled.

BASE HOSP., No. 89, July 22, 1918, to Oct. 15, 1918, and **PROV. HOSP.**, UNIT No. 8, Oct. 15, 1918, to Jan. 28, 1919—Former officers, men or nurses who remember Wimberly A. HUDSON, Pvt. 1st class, Med. Corps. Hudson now deceased and widow needs assistance with claim.

SUP. Co., 60TH INF., 5TH DIV.—Statements from

men who remember Ernest Pat Boy, supply sergeant. Boy, a 30-year retired soldier, died and widow is endeavoring to establish claim based on gas disability suffered by Boy in A. E. F.

CO. B, 3D PROV. ORD. DEPOT BN., 1ST PROV. REGT., BASE DEPOT, France, and 18TH PROV. ORD. DEPOT CO., 1ST PROV. ORD. TRAINING CAMP.—Statements from former officers and men including Capt. BURRAGE and Alva GREENE, who served with Julian DUSENBURY (now deceased) at Camp Jackson, S. C., Feb. 27, to Mar. 29, 1918, to assist widow with claim.

317TH MI. G. BN., Co. C, 81ST DIV.—Former comrades who recall injury to Gay CAMERON at Camp Jackson, S. C., when he was struck by motorcycle.

27TH CO., C. O. T. S., Camp Gordon, Ga.—Statement from Dr. Calvin M. DEBECK, former 1st Lt., M. C., who treated William S. MCCORMICK for foot condition.

BYRD, Teddy Eugene (deceased)—Former comrades who served with this man in Army of Occupation, returning to U. S., Feb. 7, 1923. Widow needs assistance in establishing claim of minor child.

FRENCH HOSPITAL, Rouen, France.—Statements from two American Red Cross nurses who recall William Malon WRIGHT as a patient during July and Aug., 1918.

C. A. C., Fort Monroe, Va.—Former comrades, particularly John SHEA of Windsor Locks, Conn., of Holmer Carlton CHIDSEY who died of influenza Nov. 1, 1918, in the Base Hosp. shortly after arriving in camp, can assist mother in establishing insurance claim.

THIRD INF., Co. F.—Statements from former officers and men including Capt. PETERMAN who recall Charles H. WATSON, a patient in the hospital with influenza, during November, 1918. Suffering from tuberculosis.

DESSAR, Capt. Delyn, D Truck Corps, Artillery Park, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pa., is requested to assist Edward J. DOYLE with compensation claim.

MARTIN, Lee, alias Floyd MIDDLETON, alias John C. ALLEN—Missing. Former Pvt., 1st class, Hq. Det., 2d Bn., 13th F. A. He is drawing compensation, and deserted wife and child need assistance.

KLEMA, Edward—38 yrs. old, laborer, brown eyes, dark hair, fair complexion, 5 ft. 6 in. Served as Pvt. Missing. Deserted wife and child need assistance in establishing claim.

311TH INF., Co. F, 78TH DIV.—Former officers and men, including 2d Bn. C. O., Maj. STEARNS, Capt. David WARSHAW and 1st Sgt. Chester MADISON, who recall Paul D. KILPATRICK suffering from appendicitis at Esconilles, France, during June, 1918. He was sent to the New Zealand Stationary Hosp. No. 1 at Wisques, France, and operated on for peritonitis.

16TH INF.—Information wanted regarding Hobson D. BLACKWELL, ex-cpl., who is missing. Minor daughter needs assistance in establishing compensation claim.

U. S. S. Rhode Island—Former members of crew who recall Melvin KERNS, Jr., dynamo room M. M., 2d class.

37TH INF., Cos. F and G—Former officers and men, including Capt. COLE and Aubrey J. BASSETT, 2d Lt. Edward H. CONNOR, Sgts. John PEARCE, James J. MACDONALD, Dock ISON, Alex. MACINANCH, Raymond T. THORNTON, James BROWN, Lee SELLS, CROWLEY and HARVEY, Cpls. Garrett BLECHER, COX and PIERCE, and Cook Wilford PINE who recall Sgt. Earnest E. DeVORE being patient in hospital, suffering from influenza.

U. S. S. Santiago—Members of crew of 8-inch forward gun, including MURPHY and JENKINS during Aug., 1917, who recall disability to Archie William ELLISON.

21ST ENGRS., Co. N.—Statements from former officers, including Lt. SMITH, also men and cooks, who recall injury to Paul J. PETRICH, mess Sgt., while pulling down mess-hall stove at Abianville, France, about Dec. 20, 1918.

57TH INF., Co. L, Camp Pike, Ark.—Former members who recall injury to Tully C. READ during July or Aug., 1918, in fall from horse.

166TH INF., Hq. Co., 42d Div.—Affidavits from doctors and comrades who recall Frank DOWDLE being treated in first-aid station in Meuse-Argonne front, for infected foot.

TRENCH FEVER—Walter J. DUDA, 90 Bridge st., Manchester, N. H., wants to hear from men who volunteered to be experimented upon for trench fever in France during 1917 and 1918.

306TH INF., Co. I—Former comrades, including

Fred METZ, who recall Andrew GRIESBAUM suffering from hemorrhoids during the war.

7TH REGT., 71st and 93d Cos., U. S. MARINES—Information wanted regarding Keith A. GORDON, barber by trade, who is missing. Served in Cuba, 1917-1919. Suffering from intestinal parasites. Wife and children destitute. Last heard from in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Feb., 1931.

45TH INF., Co. H—Former members who recall Pvt. John B. KING falling from truck while on detail hauling baggage from barracks to train, preparatory to move from Camp Taylor, Ky., to Georgia in 1918.

U. S. S. Arkansas—Former members of engineer force, including Chief Water Tender Daniel ALLEN, who recall injury to Water Tender Eugene (Gene) J. LAYNE, while assisting Allen to cut main steam line in No. 3 fire room, in Oct., 1918.

310TH CAV., later 58TH AND 59TH F. A.—Former comrades who recall John M. THIERY having horse fall on him, causing spinal injury, at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., Nov. 5, 1918. Was excused by C. O., Col. CONRAD, from duty because of disability. Was serving as provost Sgt. in charge of prisoners at time.

128TH INF., Co. E, 32d Div.—Affidavits from men who recall Pvt. Edgar Lee WALKER suffering from shell shock and gas on Nov. 10, 1918, and receiving treatment at first aid station at Pouvalier, France.

U. S. N. RIFLE RANGE, Virginia Beach—Affidavits from members of permanent force and medical officer, who remember Carroll (Slim) WEAVER having influenza and being confined to barracks set aside for patients, during 1918.

34TH AERO SQDRN.—Men who recall Joseph T. WING suffering partial permanent disability as result of being struck by some unknown person who entered barracks at night during latter part of July, 1917. Also in Jan., 1919, while with 16th Aero Sqdrn., when trying to quiet a loud party at night, someone struck Wing over the head, causing him to remain unconscious until morning.

VET. CORPS, REMOUNT 302, Camp Upton, N. Y.—Affidavits from former members who recall Pvt. Joseph PETA in Vet. Unit C.

REESER, Henry Lee—Co. A, 168th Inf. Now 33 yrs. old. Home, Eureka, Ill. Last heard from in Spokane, Wash. Information wanted regarding whereabouts to assist family in establishing claim.

ARMY HOSP., Bar-le-Duc, France.—Statements from officers and men who recall treatment received by Walter G. HUSTON in Ward 15, from Sept. 1 to Nov. 18, 1918. Also chaplain who wrote letters for Huston.

33d INF., Hq. Co., Gatun, Canal Zone.—Statements from comrades, including Lawrence BROOKS, probably of Indiana, to assist George DURHAM.

GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRNG. STA., Ill.—Former comrades, including Sidney S. FISCHER, who served with E. Ray JENKINS, can assist latter with claim.

119TH INF., Co. B, 30TH DIV.—Affidavits from four men of 4th platoon who remember on Sept. 29, 1918, carrying Pvt. Frank PERGI on stretcher, when shell struck nearby and one carrier was wounded. Pergi received additional wound in right side and exclaimed: "Take care of yourself, I am done." Also men who recall Pergi being gassed while in Ypres sector, early in Sept., 1918.

U. S. S. Artemis—Men of Co. C, 329th Inf., who remember George W. DEAHL, ex-pvt., while on this ship returning home about July 29, 1919.

GEN. HOSP. 21, Denver, Colo., 1919—Men who remember Willie T. BACK suffering with convulsions during summer of 1919 can assist him in claim.

361ST INF., Hq. Co., 91ST DIV.—Men who were with Vaso (Sam) J. GRUBICH on night of Oct. 3, 1918, when they were buried by shell striking little German house near Epinville, France, during Meuse-Argonne offensive. Capt., later Maj. Frank P. DOHERTY, and Sgt. BELMONT and BIGBOY of Co. D helped dig them out.

318TH ENGRS., Co. C—Men who served with Walter S. JONES and who knew him after his discharge from service, June 25, 1919, until his death on Dec. 2, 1919, in Los Angeles, Calif. Affidavits needed to obtain insurance for his family.

SQDRN. 9, U. S. AVIATION CONCENTRATION CAMP, Camp Dick, Tex.—Cadets of this squadron and also of Sqdrn. 6, who recall poor food served at this camp, causing many men to get sick and be sent to hospital, can assist Frederic Leslie CLARK with disability claim.

JOHN J. NOLL

The Company Clerk

Can You Skin a Horse?

(Continued from page 9)

leader. He had perspective. He could skin a horse today if it would help him along the way to his ambition of tomorrow. He had a sense of obligation to others; he had initiative, and also the unselfishness that is necessary to commit oneself to an ideal. These are qualities that seem to me essential to leadership. It goes without saying that there are other elements of importance. How far a young man can go is built on character but limited by ability. Then,

too, as in most human concerns, luck enters in. Tracks cannot be laid upon which any ambitious young man can speed to a given destination as swiftly and surely as a crack express train. But, to change the figure, I believe that lighthouses may be erected which, for a knowing navigator, may be a sufficient guide.

This young horse skinner later on demonstrated that when called upon he could also take the

(Continued on page 60)



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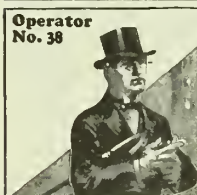
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Can You Skin a Horse?

(Continued from page 59)

hide off a business problem. Yet previous to his coming with the Kendall Company his actual experience in assuming executive responsibility had been almost nil. In college he was so busy earning his way that he had not had a chance to exercise his powers of initiative for anyone except himself. Nevertheless, as was subsequently demonstrated, by mastering his own affairs under difficulties he had laid the foundation for accepting greater responsibilities.

The Kendall Company has made a practice of selecting young men of potential executive ability, then giving them the opportunity to develop themselves for positions of responsibility. Some come from within the organiza-

tion, some from the outside. One of the college men who came with the Kendall Company years ago earned his schooling this way: At the end of each term he would buy books from students who had completed certain courses. Then he would sell the books at a fair profit to those enrolling in the same courses the following year. Since personalities are not in order in this article I shall not give his name. But while in college he earned a nickname. He was called "Farmer —." The boys so dubbed him because he had such an honest, forthright way in his dealings. Today he is one of the company's most consistently successful sales representatives.

Our basic product is cotton, which is manufactured into cloth products of various sorts. Some of it is disposed of in the form of curtain goods, crinoline and cheese cloth. The company's best known product is surgical bandages. Another important one is absorbent cotton. This chap who has just been mentioned has gained a reputation in the trade for fair dealing. Rather than go in for the usual persuasive sort of "sales approach" he confines himself to recommending to customers such action as he believes is in their own best interests. As a result his judgment regarding price trends and such matters is commonly accepted in the same good faith in which he offers it. He gets business because he is of real service.

Too many young men of ability forget that the typically large business of today is not a one-man enterprise. The man who wants success only for himself is pretty likely to be disappointed. And, for whatever reason, somehow or other an executive must get himself liked. That's because in business, as on the playing field, teamwork is so often the prime factor in the winning organization. Only the leader who is liked is capable of inspiring it. We don't get ourselves liked just by asking to be.

Some men have attained great heights by confining all of their interests to business. Many business organizations have a policy of encouraging their executives to

center all of their interests in their work. That has never been a policy of the Kendall Company. A while ago the company granted a year's leave of absence to one of its younger executives who is a State Commander of The American Legion. One of the company's higher-up executives, still a young man, is a trustee of a large university. It is just as logical that a man's interests should go beyond those of immediate concern to his employer as that they should go beyond those of direct advantage to himself.

Cut and dried formulas will not bring business success. And that holds for organizations as well as for individuals. In carrying out the letter and form of efficiency our large busi-

ness organizations of today—and smaller ones, too, for that matter—sometimes overlook a bigger and more important quality, namely, the spirit of it. The team that wants to play together seldom has much difficulty in working out the ways of doing so. The semblance of teamwork has in itself no staying powers, is never consistently successful unless backed up by the spirit.

Insofar as business is typified by the spirit of the athletic field, by joy in a gripping contest and in honest clean fighting, it is a game. But it is also more. Business is a living and intricately organized science. Any business is composed of many operations. Usually even the very simplest is susceptible of being

performed in but one best way. The test of the business leader's ability in action is in getting every job under his direction done as efficiently as it can be done. In order to achieve that end he should be a teacher as well as a leader.

My own business experience goes back to the days when as a young man just out of college who couldn't do exactly what he wanted to do I accepted a job in a printing plant. I had wanted to follow a scholastic career. I had to abandon that ambition because I was forced to recognize that mine was not the type of mind that readily absorbs information. The business I entered had reached the point where the separate operations were too much for one man to keep track of. Perhaps it was because I had had a hankering to be a teacher, but it seemed to me that if the workers as individuals could be taught or helped to discover the best way of doing their respective tasks, then things would continue to function efficiently even though one man couldn't keep track of all that was going on.

Before I could do any teaching, of course, it was necessary that I should know my subjects. So I asked questions and I learned the best way of doing some of the simpler tasks, such as sweeping out, by doing them myself.

Any business must get results, from

executives and from workers. There is no room for the team that is consistently beaten. The whole team must play to win, or everyone loses. Competition has to be met. Yet in our company we do not go so far as to follow what is often regarded as the extremely businesslike policy of "ordering" results. We don't look at management that way. We believe that if the right spirit is instilled in an organization, together with competent instruction in how to do things, results will come. If they don't that is the management's failure, not the organization's.

For the Kendall Company, the teaching method has proved to be effective in getting results. No doubt there are other ways. In any case it is necessary, of course, that it should be backed up by ability and by character. And teaching consists not only in showing others how to do things, but in encouraging them to find out the best way of doing things for themselves. It is always open to suggestions.

Frederick Taylor said that if a thing has been done the same way for ten years it is probably being done wrong. That is a good principle to go on. And, finally, it is the spirit of teaching at its best that it never seeks to promote its own interests but rather the interests of those whom it instructs.

Say R!

(Continued from page 4)

Eastern dialect in our radio announcements, it is often Southern. Here again it isn't just ordinary Southern but a spurious, exaggerated dialect. Mind you, I have no grouch against Southerners, and I have known several Southern gals, especially one I met in New Orleans last spring, whose talk sounds real cute. All I ask is fair play and an even break for our rough-and-ready Western fellers. They may be crude and raw and sound most of their r's, but then after all they, too, are part of the American scene. We might as well face the fact frankly and courageously, that not all our people in the United States know how to get rid of their r's in oral communication.

I have been discussing male voices. But there is another division of mankind not to be overlooked—the well-known and highly estimable feminine sex. The Lord knows I am no woman-hater; and I sometimes think women folk comprise, in many respects, our very best sex. But I like women in almost any phase of life better than on the radio. I'm convinced that they should confine their activities to other elements than the air. Will somebody please tell me why all women on the radio sound exactly alike? Why, when she makes a silly little speech about whatever she is talking about, must a woman do so in a throaty, artificial, so-chawmed-to-have-met-you voice? Is she trying to act as if socially prominent? If women *must* talk

over the radio, why can't they do so in voices as natural as when buying groceries?

Many women, not content merely to talk over the radio, go so far as to sing. Perhaps somewhere in the world is a contralto who should sing. But I know a famous, high-priced vocal teacher who confidentially turned state's evidence at a dinner table one night and admitted that the Lord probably never intended for women to do much singing. A woman's voice is more adapted, this authority conceded, for low, quiet tones, suitable for a small, exclusive audience. Now, I don't ask women to stay off the radio entirely; and if they are determined to burst out in song, let them even do that. But why must they talk or sing without ever sounding their r's? Did anybody ever tell his troubles to a woman who talks in an affected way and drops her r's just from a snobbish notion that she is being superior? Or was anybody ever influenced to buy anything after hearing it sponsored by such counterfeit speech?

What we need is more of our Western civilization on the ether. In Ohio we have plenty of both men and women who could talk on the air without putting on airs. If broadcasting companies would only employ such whole-souled folk, rough and uncouth as they are, then life would have fewer irritations and radio advertising would be less of a public nuisance.

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30x3.5	2.25 1.00	29x4.0	2.40 1.15
32x3.5	2.70 1.15	30x4.50	2.45 1.20
31x4	2.95 1.15	28x4.75	2.45 1.20
32x4	2.95 1.15	29x4.75	2.45 1.20
33x4	2.95 1.15	30x4.55	2.90 1.35
34x4	3.50 1.15	29x6.00	2.95 1.35
32x4.5	3.20 1.45	28x6.25	2.95 1.35
33x4.5	3.20 1.45	30x6.25	2.95 1.35
34x4.5	3.45 1.45	30x6.25	2.95 1.35
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Glang Went the Bank Doors

(Continued from page 32)

government experts the post prepared plans and blueprints for its enlarged project. The plans called for a modern baseball park, a stadium, a swimming pool and an auditorium for conventions and dances. It determined to put up the stadium and ball park first. The contract price for the stadium, built largely of steel and concrete, was \$22,000. It had been finished only a few days when the big storm came. The stadium was almost demolished, but it was rebuilt with insurance money. Then came the bank failure, tying up \$4,700 in post funds, and the resulting effort to raise more funds. Undeterred, the post added a children's playground to its center, at a cost of \$2,500.

The weekly dances and a fair conducted annually by the post, together with receipts from the baseball park and stadium and other post enterprises, provide the post with a yearly income of \$6,000.

"What other Legion post of 151 members in a town of 6,531 persons can match our record?" queries Legionnaire L. H. Bauland. "And how many other posts match us by not charging local dues? Our members pay only state and national per capita dues, totaling \$2.50 a year."

On the Job

MANY posts which have not yet formally entered the Employment competition (See Page 22) have notified the Monthly of important features of their plans. For example, Memphis (Tennessee) Post, the largest post in the Legion with its 3,600 members, has sent copies of a special edition of its publication, the *Mess Kit*, in which most of the front page is given over to classified advertisements listing the occupations and qualifications of unemployed service men who enrolled at the Memphis office of the Veterans Employment Service of the United States Department of Labor.

"Nine hundred veterans enrolled," writes J. L. Lumpkin, editor of the *Mess Kit*. "We sent copies of the special edition not only to our 3,600 members but also to 2,000 business concerns listed in the classified telephone directory. A dozen men were placed in jobs almost immediately and scores of others were put in touch with possible employers."

Historic Marble

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS at Indianapolis is becoming more and more a museum for souvenirs of all sorts relating to the World War and the men who fought it. Proctor (Vermont) Post is the donor of one of the latest exhibits, a pair of marble bookends fashioned from the huge block of marble from which the new Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery is being carved. The

fifty-six-ton block of marble was obtained from a quarry 10,000 feet above sea level at Marble, Colorado, and was transported to the plant of the Vermont Marble Company at Proctor, where Legionnaires of Proctor Post did the work of shaping and finishing it. Legionnaire Bugiani carved the beautiful bookends from a portion of the block. They were formally presented to Past National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil on the platform of the Detroit national convention, by H. A. Ringlund, chairman of the Vermont Department's Trophies and Awards Committee.

Bowling at Portland

HUNDREDS of American Legion bowling teams throughout the country will have before them this winter as they roll the games on their schedules the vision of a super-tournament to be held in connection with the Legion's national convention at Portland, Oregon, next September. Encouraged by the fact that eighty-two five-men teams took part in the first National American Legion Tournament held at the Detroit convention, the Legionnaire bowlers are making big preparations for the second national tournament in Portland. W. G. Albert, 2418 Stair Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, is secretary of the convention bowling committee. He wants to hear from all Legion teams which would like to take part in the Portland tournament.

Mr. Albert reports that sentiment among Legion bowlers favors holding national American Legion tournaments after this year in connection with the American Bowling Congress, held in a different city each year. The 1932 congress is being held in Detroit.

First Sign of Spring

THE American Legion Junior Baseball Guide for 1932 has been distributed by the National Americanism Commission to posts, but a copy will be sent by the Commission at National Headquarters in Indianapolis to anyone requesting it. The Guide contains pictures of last year's world championship team from Chicago and many other teams which made good records during the season. It also gives directions for organizing a junior baseball league under post auspices. Russell Cook, Director of the National Americanism Commission, has announced that four cities are competing for the honor of holding the Legion's junior world series next autumn. They are Reading, Pennsylvania, Manchester, New Hampshire, Omaha, Nebraska, and Stockton, California. The major baseball leagues have contributed \$50,000 to The American Legion to finance the 1932 junior baseball program. Contributions of the same amount were

made in the four preceding years, the junior baseball program having demonstrated its worth conclusively.

In Ben Franklin's Home Town

ABIAN A. WALLGREN, one-time cartoonist of *The Stars and Stripes* and since 1920 cartoonist of *The American Legion Weekly* and *The American Legion Monthly*, was the guest of his own home town in November when, at a jubilant luncheon given in his honor by the Poor Richard Club, Mayor Harry Mackey gave him a silver platter which was suitably emblazoned with a brief recital of Wally's prowess as a joy dispenser to gloomy dough-boys. Wally was not the only ex-Marine present. There was S. A. Rothafel, far, far better known as Roxy, and there was a Marine band from the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Wally also received the silver medal of the Poor Richard Club.

Flying Governor

GOVERNOR JAMES ROLPH, JR., played a leading role in the California Department's annual airplane membership roundup on November 15th. He

rode in one of the three planes which touched at thirty cities between San Diego, near the Mexican Border, and Eureka, close to the Oregon line, collecting 14,000 membership cards which were delivered at Department Headquarters in San Francisco. The planes were piloted by Legionnaires C. F. Lienesch and Dudley Steele of Aviators Post of Los Angeles and Roscoe Turner of Aviators Post of New York City. N. M. Lyon, Department Aeronautics Chairman, bossed the roundup.

In Memory of a Famous Flyer

SCORES of Uncle Sam's swiftest fighting airplanes will take part in an air race this summer and the winning pilot will be the first to receive the Frank Luke, Jr., Memorial Trophy, offered by the Arizona Department of The American Legion as a memorial to Frank Luke, one of the greatest aces of the A. E. F., known to fame as "The Balloon Buster." Army Air Corps pilots of the West Coast Pursuit Group will compete for the trophy. The trophy consists of a bronze plaque on which appears in colored enamel the depiction of a typical Luke balloon-busting exploit.

PHILIP VON BLON

The Master of Chaos

(Continued from page 29)

Nancy cannot speak. She wishes me to say that hereafter no one will ever doubt that she is an American."

In a handsome uniform of buff and blue and white, a wide red sash looped over one shoulder and diagonally spanning his waistcoat, the great Captain of the army stood calm and motionless—a living statue, looking down at the troops. Like Jeremiah of old he stood as an iron pillar.

CHAPTER XI

In Which the Americans Retreat from Long Island and Colin Gets Another Invitation to Supper

SOON after that Mrs. Washington and her maids set out for Philadelphia on their way to Mt. Vernon. On the 26th of July the main body of the British landed on the southwestern extremity of Long Island at a place called Gravesend. Around it were groves and orchards in the midst of which were many stacks of wheat. These they burned, filling a wide arc of the sky with smoke. There were 9,000 trained troops under Sir Henry Clinton.

Colonel Cabot and his regiment were in the threatened line. A month of anxious waiting and hurried preparation under General Greene. Long stretches in the American line back of Brooklyn were like the army at Cambridge in mid-summer. Mammoth conceit! An experience limited to bush fighting with red men! Little patience with restraint! Every inferior officer contriving ways to win immortal fame for himself and his command! A sportive

sallying out singly or in squads, against orders! Thousands of these inexperienced men were like sheep huddled for a shearing.

These alarming truths the Commander-in-Chief discovered when, having crossed the East River on the 24th of August, he surveyed the situation. General Greene was ill in bed. The Chief put General Putnam in command. The Connecticut ploughman, with no experience to fit him for the task of estimating the danger points in a long line, was in a situation that would have taxed the genius of Julius Caesar.

Washington was in a semi-circle of fire drawing closer. British gunboats were heading into York Harbor. Report said that a big force of redcoats was landing on Staten Island.

The storm broke on the 26th of August. Out of the Jamaica road there was a leak in the line. A brigade of inexperienced militiamen, lulled into a sense of security by the long delay, permitted themselves to be surprised. No videttes sent out to watch the enemy and give warning! Cannon balls were suddenly hurled upon them. Moments of wild confusion! Redcoats! A galloping rush of cavalry, its rifles blazing! Battalions of red-coated infantry following on the run. The earth shook. Men were falling dead, others crying out with pain. The inexperienced militiamen were unequal to the coming shock. They emptied their guns and ran. Every man for himself and hell for the hindmost! They were like flushed birds before the guns of the huntsmen. Many were (Continued on page 64)

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The Master of Chaos

(Continued from page 63)

killed, wounded, or captured. The British poured through this great, growing hole in the line.

That night Clinton's force worked around the Americans and turned their left flank, capturing 2200 men and many guns.

In the next two days there was much heroic resistance. Colin Cabot's regiment of cavalry broke a section of the British line with heavy loss. Many Americans tumbled through the gap. Their main body, threatened by the closing net, poured northward to the East River.

Meanwhile General Washington had been busy. Four days and nights he had spent in the saddle with only a few hours of rest. He had commandeered all the boats on the river.

He would make an effort to save the army in a crossing within cannon reach of the British gunboats and a great force of the enemy behind him. It was a desperate hazard then to be taken. Still the Chief was like the pillar of iron. Neither his faith nor his indomitable spirit had forsaken him. Was it a miracle or a freak of fortune that immediately a dense fog hung down from the sky and covered the face of the waters a day and a night, save for which the wide river would have been a redder sea than ever Moses faced?

Colin, his coat torn by bullets, his shoulder grazed, his right hand bleeding from a saber cut, was still at work. He was on the ferry landing when Ebenezer Snoach came toward him out of the fog.

"I could almost believe that you brought this stack of mist on your back," said Colin.

"It's the breath o' the ocean," Snoach answered. "Didn't I tell ye that the ocean is our friend? Soon or late it'll wear 'em out. The wealth o' the empire will be drowned in it. Don't worry."

Silently under the fog Colonel Glover, Ebenezer Snoach and their Marblehead amphibians, assisted by Colin Cabot, Amos Farnsworth and others of their regiment, moved 9,000 men across the river without the loss of one. All day and through the night the moving continued. At the coming of darkness a Tory woman who lived near the ferry sent a negro to inform the British of what was going on. The messenger was held up at a Hessian post where the Germans were unable to understand him. So the work was not interrupted. General Washington was the last to cross with some wounded men.

Colonel Cabot and Captain Farnsworth were in the boat with him. The Chief sat in silence, looking grave and weary. When they landed he turned to them saying with a note of sadness in his tone:

"My boys, you are in need of rest. I thank you."

"I reckon God has been thinkin' of us," said Amos.

"Not of us but of the endless ages ahead," the Chief answered.

His white horse, taken over in the night, was brought to him. He gave to General Putnam orders covering the retreat and, mounting, rode northward with members of his staff followed by the main body of his troops. The day life of the town had not yet begun. In an open field near a creek he halted the shattered army for rest. Guards were mounted, videttes thrown out and thousands of weary men lay down like spent dogs to sleep on the damp earth now drying in the sunlight. Surgeons went about among the men dressing wounds which had not disabled them. Colin and Amos were among the first so treated. They stretched out side by side.

The loss of artillery, stores, camp equipment and men was great, but more discouraging than that was the loss of morale. The cheery confidence of the men was gone. Whole regiments and half regiments disappeared.

General Washington had not lost his confidence. Most of the faithful men, well trained in Cambridge, were still in the army. The deserters were replaced by fresh troops coming daily to his new post on the heights above the city.

Soon after the crossing Colonel Cabot rode down to the end of the island and had a brief talk with General Putnam, whose scouts and videttes covered a long area of the water front. He was getting signals at night from the far side of each river.

Returning to the tavern, Colin bought new linen, and lavished upon himself the inviting luxuries of peace—a barber, a warm bath, a comfortable room, a clean, soft bed and a few hours of sleep in its grateful embrace. He had left word at the desk that if a man came from Philadelphia asking for General Washington, they were to ring his bell. He might have slept through the night save for a loud rap at his door. Darkness had fallen. A servant called out: "There are friends of yours below who wish to see you, sir."

"What are their names?"

"They are grand ladies, sir. They did not give me their names."

Colin admitted the servant who, with the candle in his hand, lighted those on the table. It was a quarter after eight. The young man began to dress saying: "Why such a dream about Nancy?"

In the dream she had stood before him naked, bathed in light against a background of darkness.

He dressed and went below stairs. The only sign of the devilry of war upon him was a bandage on his big right hand. A pretty maiden met him in the lobby saying: "I am the secretary of the Baroness de Riedesel, who has gone up the river with the Lady Howe. Miss Woodbridge is having supper in the dining-room and wishes you to join her."

(To be concluded)

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